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TO
THE DAUGHTER OF AN OLD SWEETHEART.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I love thee, Juliet, for thy mother's sake,
And were I young should love thee for thy own;
Afresh in thee her early charms awake,
And all her witcheries are round thee thrown;
Thine are her girlhood's features, and I know
Her many virtues in thy bosom glow.

Thou art as lovely, though not yet as famed,
As that bright maid, the beautiful, the true,
The gentle being, for whom thou wast named,
The Juliet that our glorious Shakespeare drew.
Thine is her magic loveliness—but oh,
What fiery youth shall be thy Romeo?

Whoe'er he be, oh may his lot and thine
Be happier than the lot of those of old;
May ye, like them, bow low at passion's shrine,
May love within your bosoms ne'er grow cold;
And may your paths be ne'er, like theirs, beset
By strifes of Montague and Capulet.

Like his great prototype, thy Romeo,
Half-phrenzied by his passion's raging flame,
And kindling with a poet's fervid glow,
May fancy he might cut thy beauteous frame
Into bright stars to deck the midnight sky—
But, gentle Juliet, may he never try.

I paid the tribute of an humble lay
To thy fair mother in her girlhood bright,
And now this humbler offering I pay
To thee, oh, sweet young spirit of delight.
And may I not, tossed on life's stormy waters,
Live to make rhymes, dear Juliet, to thy daughters

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BION, THE WANDERER;
OR,
THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER;" "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;" "KARMEL, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.
CHANGE.

The spring-time passed away; summer came and went; autumn, winter and spring again; then summer spread its fruits and flowers once more; autumn came, with its searing breath; and old winter followed as before, with its cold, white shroud, with which to cover the blight and death of the November touch. And so the seasons rolled around, the flowers blooming and fading, while man only grew on, in all seasons alike.

Bion Bernard was twelve years of age. He had grown to be a stout, healthy boy, and beauty sat upon every feature. The soft, glossy ringlets upon his nobly developed head, had changed to a dark, rich brown; the large full eyes were nearer brown than gray, and possessed a brightness which formed a distinguishing feature. The brow was high and intellectually turned; while the remaining features in tone and outline were perfectly harmonious. He possessed all the strange beauty of his creole mother, with the stern, manly dignity of his Anglo Saxon father.

And his mind was far from being a waste. Among the first things for which he had inquired, when he had become somewhat used to his new home, were books. Margery had procured them for him, and for a year or two he plodded on alone through little story-books, learning Cora the letters, and gradually teaching her to read. When he was eight years old, Aunt Margery had become so deeply interested in both the children, that she resolved to give them the advantage of an education such as existing circumstances would permit. She went to Barrabas Lattimore, and stated her wish. He was astonished. However, she told him plainly of her purpose, and bade him go to Mr. Huntley, and get the money with which to hire a teacher.

Lattimore went, and when he stated his errand, the merchant was astonished.

"I never heard of such a thing," he said.

"But you'll hear of something worse, if you don't do all she wants you to," suggested the attorney.

"But you assured me that this woman had a heart of iron."

"So she has; but the heat of those two children's love has softened it amazingly. She'll be faithful, but she must have her own way. She would throw up her commission to-morrow if you crossed her."

"Well—what if she should?"

"Why—nothing; only she would make a clean breast of it, and give the boy into the hands of the Probate Court. That would be all!"

Christopher Huntley turned pale as death.

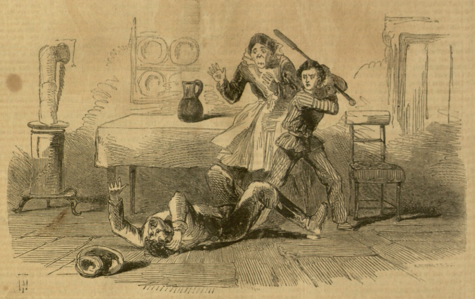
"O—don't be afraid," cried Barrabas. "You have nothing to fear. If this poor woman is willing to give the boy some kind of an education, surely you should not object."

"But, the money?"

"Yes—*the money!*" repeated Lattimore, in a tone of contempt, which he could not conceal. "It must be hard for *you* to take fifty dollars from your purse for *him!*"

Huntley said no more. He took some bank notes from his pocket-book, and passed them over.

Margery was acquainted with a young Irishman who had been educated for the priesthood, but whose social qualities had run so deeply into conviviality, that he was obliged to give up his life-plans. He was now engaged in attending a shooting and boxing gallery, and readily consented, for a small sum, to teach the two children.



BION DEFENDING AUNT MARGERY FROM THE ROWDY.

So Bion stood at twelve years of age, a better scholar than most boys are at that time of life. The tutor had learned to love both his little pupils, and he rendered them all the assistance that lay in his power. The boy had mastered the fundamental rules of arithmetic, and gone on through fractions into the more complicated work. He had learned to write very well; and, for some two years, he and Cora had practiced letter-writing quite extensively, directing their missives, of course, to each other.

There was another quality in Bion's character which had been pretty well developed. One day, a drunken man made his way into the house, and demanded money of Margery. She did not know him, though she recognized him as one who had been loafing around that section for some time. She ordered him to leave the house, and he threatened violence. Bion was in the room, and quickly seizing the heavy oven-poker that stood close by, he placed himself before his guardian. His dark eye flashed, and in his whole look and bearing there was something that would have daunted anything but superior brute force.

The man cursed him, and bade him be gone. Then he advanced, and, pushing the boy roughly aside, he grasped Margery by the arm. The ponderous poker performed a circle in the air, and, as it came down, it struck the ruffian upon the top of the head, and felled him quickly to the floor. Bion's next movement was to rush to the court, where he met his tutor just coming in. To him he explained what had happened, and the latter dragged the miserable fellow to the street, where he recovered from the effects of the blow just as an officer came along, ready to take him in charge.

Margery could hardly find words to express her gratitude and admiration; while the tutor conceived a new idea. As we remarked before, he was engaged in a boxing gallery, and he at once made up his mind that Bion should learn the "manly art of self-defence." The boy took hold of the work with pleasure, because it gave him variety, and gave him exercise. And he soon became quite a proficient, too. As the tutor became more acquainted with the little fellow's many noble and generous qualities, he learned to love him fondly, and nearly every moment of his spare time was spent with his pupil. Bion was tall and well developed, and as he became proficient in the art of boxing, his breast assumed a new fullness, his arms became stronger, his eye quicker, his step more firm, and his whole frame was strengthened.

"Bion," said Aunt Margery, drawing the boy to her side, and gazing into his flushed face, "do you know that I am very thankful I picked you up and took you in here to live with me?"

"Of course you are," he replied, promptly.

"But do you know why I am thankful?"

"Why—I meant, because you love me."

"That is true, Bion, but that isn't what I meant. Let me tell ye: When I found yer, ye was pale an' thin, and I think ef ye'd lived where ye'd a-had nice victuals to eat, and no exercise, ye wouldn't have lived till now."

Aunt Margery spoke truly here. In all probability, Bion would never have lived to see his twelfth birth-day, had his uncle kept him and fed him as Lida and Lizzy had always fed him. Or, had he survived to that age, he would have been but a poor, consumptive thing, pale and weak, entering upon the rough path of youth with no constitution at all. But now it was different. His food had been plain and substantial; his apartments not over-heated; his mind free from care; and exercise in plenty.

Christopher Huntley had not seen all this. He saw it not now.

"Aunty," said the boy, after she had told him about the health he enjoyed now, as compared with his physical condition when she first found him, "don't you know where I came from when I came here?"

"No—I have no idea."

"You don't think it was my father who brought me here?"

"O—I know it wasn't."

"But don't you know who it was?"

"I could'nt tell ye anything about him, Bion; and, if I could, I don't think ye'd want to know him, for I think he was a very wicked man."

"Don't you know where he got me?"

"No, I don't know anything about it. It's no use, Bion, for you to ask me such stuff, 'cause I can't tell ye. All I can tell is—ye was fetched here to me by a man who said he was a goin' off. He paid me money to take care of ye, and said he didn't think he'd ever come back. I took ye, and I thought when ye first came 'at I shouldn't care much for ye. But when I found out how good ye was, and how weak an' sickly ye'd been, I kind o' loved ye right off. And now ye're grow'd up to a right smart boy; ye're strong an' rugged; and I must say, Bion, 't I've done the best I could for ye. I got ye a teacher, an' I've seen that ye had all ye wanted. I hope, me darlin', 'at when ye're gone away, ye'll remember me, and love me a little."

"O, Aunt Margery, I shall love you a good deal," cried the boy, earnestly.

After this, Bion went away to his chamber, with a momentous question unasked. He wished to ask what change was at hand. He had heard nothing direct, but from Margery's manner, he knew that something was about to transpire, which would materially affect him. He could see it in Margery's every look and tone; and above all, could he read it in the words she had just used.

A cloud came over his soul, and he felt unhappy. At such times he had recourse to the sweet face he wore next his heart. He drew forth the locket and opened it.

"My mother!" he cried, while the expression of his face changed to a glow of heart-felt reverence, "come what may thou shalt be with me!"

He pressed the picture to his lips, and his eyes filled with tears. His ideas of that miniature had remained unchanged. He knew it was his mother, and he knew that the other face was that of his father. But of the latter he had no assurance save the admission of Margery, and his own idea of probability. Of the other, however, he had a deeper thought. While the picture of his father only brought to mind a man whom he wished he could have known, and whom he felt sure he should love could he know him, the picture of his mother brought up in his mind a face that had beamed in love upon him, and upon which he had often hung for the smiles that made his life bright and joyous. He remembered, as though it were but yesterday, when she put the golden chain about his neck, and even the kiss that accompanied it he felt burning upon his cheek, and sending its grateful influence to his heart. He could remember nothing else. He had a remembrance of two black faces, and the names of "*Lida*" and "*Lizzy*" were familiar sounds; but whether they lived with his mother, or whether they had fallen in his pathway since, he could not tell.

Of all the past before he lived with Margery, the only thing he could clearly remember was his mother. Her face had been kept fresh in his memory by the picture, and he could see her now as he saw her then, beautiful and pure, and kind, gentle, and loving. And in his soul was treasured the one sweet lesson she gave him. He remembered that she told him to be good, and he often assured Cora that his mother was with him when he slept, watching over him and praying for him. This had a great influence in shaping his character and disposition. It softened the contact of rough circumstance, and gave warmth to what would have been otherwise cold and cheerless surroundings.

But there was one other bright, gentle influence with the orphan boy. Cora—pure, loving and joyous,—had been the very life of his waking hours. In all things of study and amusement they were as one, each laboring for the other's good, and seeking joy only in that which could conduce to the happiness of both. That they should love each other would only be a necessity; but the love they bore, one to the other, was far deeper than children usually feel: for in many respects they were children no more after their understandings opened. They talked of things above the ken of early childhood, and many a social and moral problem did they solve which might have given grave employment to older heads.

Is it a wonder that these two children talked of a love that looked away into the future for its fruition? Their tutor brought them the story of "*Alonso and Melissa,*" and they read it with wildly beating hearts. The tale of true love therein pictured so vividly for youthful vision affected them deeply, and clasped in each other's arms they wept over its more affecting parts.

And many other books of a like character they read. "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Scottish Chiefs," by Jane Porter, were devoured with intense interest, and while Cora wept over the love and devotion of true hearts Bion's soul was animated by an ardent desire to emulate the noble character and achievements of Thaddeus and Sir William Wallace. He looked upon Cora as his to love and care for through life, and she blessed him from the very depths of her soul for his devotion.

Many and many a time did they promise that, come what might, while life lasted, they would love each other well and truly. They meant what they said, and they spoke not without understanding.

And what was Christopher Huntley doing all this time? He stood at his desk in the counting-house, and when he looked at his bank-book he saw that money had been pouring in upon him beyond his utmost expectations. Those who lived about him, and knew the state of his business envied him. They saw his horses and carriages, and they knew that in all the sumptuous show he made he used but a small part of his income—hardly a noticeable percentage of it.

They noticed that his face was pale, and that his head was often bowed, as though in pain; but then that might be press of business; or, it might be the death of his children, for he had lost two.

The merchant's first child was a boy. It was a bright, intelligent child, and its gleesome prattle did much towards driving away dark and painful thoughts. It was born in early spring. As the fourth winter came it sickened, and finally died. The father stood by the side of the little coffin, and upon the burnished plate of gold he read the age of his boy. It was—"*Aged 4 yrs. and* 10 *mos.*"

Did he remember another little coffin which bore that same number?

Just nineteen months from that day he stood by another coffin, and it contained the body of his second child. It was a girl, and he had loved it well. He read upon the plate—"*Aged* 4 *yrs. and* 10 *mos.*"

Ah—it was not the first time he had thought of the fearful coincidence! He had thought of it often. He thought of it when his bright-eyed girl was first taken sick; and he thought of it when she died; and the thought had been with him continually. He had one more child. It was a boy, and he was almost three years old. He seemed healthy and rugged. And so the others had seemed, and yet they had been cut down. Could this living one survive that fatal period? Alas! the father dared not think of it.

The wife thought her husband mourned alone for the loss of his two little ones, and she tried to comfort him; but she could not reach the difficulty, for she knew not its cause.

One day, in early spring, Christopher Huntley took his way to the quaint old building near Wall Street. He groped his way up to the dark office of Barrabas Lattimore, and knocked at the door. The attorney answered the summons, and politely bowed his visitor in.

"Well—well," uttered Lattimore, in his hushed howl, "you are looking finely, Sir Christopher."

"I am, eh?"

"Very finely—very finely, upon my soul."

"I am glad you've discovered it," replied Huntley, impatiently, and with a strong touch of bitterness. "But I have only a few moments to spare. Have you seen the boy?"

"Yes."

"Well—well—you saw him," said Huntley, in a nervous, uneasy tone, which he overcame, however, by an effort. "How did you find him?"

"Hearty as a buck. By the crown, Huntley, he's just one of the finest boys you ever saw. I went there—saw Margery—had a talk—she brought the boy—he looked at me—jumped—turned pale—doubled up his little fists—looked daggers. What d'ye think he thought?"

"I'm sure I can't tell."

"Well—he thought I was the man who brought him there."

"Did he say you were his uncle?" cried Huntley, eagerly.

"No—he hadn't any idea about any uncle. The old woman's driven all that out of his head."

The merchant felt easier.

"Did you tell him you were not the man?" he asked.

"Of course I did. And yet he wouldn't believe me till Margery had assured him that I wasn't the man. Then he asked me if he hadn't seen me before. I told him, yes. Said I—'I came here when you were a little boy—used to come to do business for yer mistress—that's the way ye know me.' Margery backed me up, and the boy was satisfied."

"And you are sure he has forgotten all about the old affairs?"

"Yes—utterly—don't remember a bit—thinks he never had any father or mother—says he growed up all alone—good Aunt Margery took care of him—and all such things. Ye're safe on that score, sir."

Awhile longer the two men talked, and then they went out together; and when they stopped it was at the residence of Margery Grutt. She had been warned to have Bion kept out of the way, for Christopher Huntley dared not see him. The three talked for a long while, and when the merchant arose to go he drew out his pocket-book.

"Not one penny less," said Margery. "He must have these things, and he shall have them!"

"Take care that you don't appropriate too much to yourself," Huntley returned, as he gave her a roll of bank-notes.

"I never robbed a poor orphan, sir!"

Christopher Huntley started back, and turned pale as death. He struggled with his rising passions, and finally turned away without speaking.

Half an hour afterwards Margery went to Bion's room and sat down by his side. He gazed into her face, and when he saw the tear in her eye, and the tremor upon her lip, he was startled, for he knew the change was coming!

CHAPTER XIV.
COMMENCING LIFE!

Bion sat very still, and gazed earnestly into Margery's face. He trembled with apprehension, for he knew too well that the circumstance which could thus affect her on his account, must fall heavily on his own soul.

"Bion—me own darlin'—me good Bion," she commenced, speaking in a tone which had become soft to his ear from long use, "p'r'aps ye don't know how old ye're grow'd to be. Ye're a big boy now, and old enough to be doin' somethin' for yerself."

"I know it, Aunt Margery; and I've wished for a long while that you'd tell me some way in which I could help you."

"Yes—I know, Bion; but that ain't it. Be good, now. Don't go for to bein' naughty, now, and fussive! In this life, ye know, we must all meet wi' changes. I have to do it, and all have to do it. In course ye can't expect to allers stay here, ye know. Don't go for to bein' naughty."

"I won't," whispered the boy, struggling hard to appear calm. "Tell me all. Tell it to me at once. I know you've got something. I can bear it."

"In course ye can bear it, me darlin', 'cause ye're a good boy. And then ye wouldn't expect to live allers wi' me. Bion—*the man as left ye here has been to see me!*"

The boy gasped for breath; and as soon as he could command his speech he asked,—

"Was't the dreadful looking man who was here before?"

"No, Bion—he was'nt the man at all. No, no, it's another man altogether. He's been here, Bion. He came to—to—the man who left ye here—years ago—he has been here!"

"Yes—you told me. But what did he come for?"

"Well, Bion—ye know what I told ye. Ye'll be good now. Ye know ye're gettin to be a large boy."

The woman stopped and wiped her nose very industriously for the space of half a minute, or so. At the end of this operation she said,—

"In course ye want to know all he said?"

"Certainly, Aunt."

"Well—be a good boy, now. He said—ye see he know'd ye was too big to be idle. He said as how you would—ye see he means it all for yer good, me darlin'. O—he would'nt 'a done this only for yer good, me dear boy. He come to see me, and he said—shall I tell ye what he said?"

"Yes. Tell me at once. You only pain me, Aunt, by keeping me in suspense."

"O—I was a goin' to tell ye, Bion, jest as soon as I could come to it. He said—ye—would'nt live with me any more! Ye'll go away from here very soon. Ye'll go to sea. He's got a ship for ye to go in. Oh! its a great, nice, beautiful ship—and ye'll have sich a fine Capt'n—and ye'll see so many places. Yes—ye're goin' to sea Bion!"

"And Cora?" whispered the boy.

"O—she'll stay here with me."

"And shall I ever come back here to live?"

"No—never any more."

Bion gazed into Margery's face a few moments;—he turned very pale; his lips quivered; and finally, with a deep groan, he sank forward upon the bed, and burst into tears.

"Bion——"

"Not now, Aunty. Wait a little while. Come again. Leave me now."

She said, "Poor boy," and then turned away.

For a while the child gave full flow to his feelings; but finally he arose and wiped his eyes, and pondered upon what he had heard. He gradually reasoned himself into a state of calmness, and then launched boldly out into the future.

"Why should I mourn?" he said to himself, starting to his feet, and raising his comely form to its utmost height. Shall I ever be a man and live here? *Here! here!*" he repeated, calling to mind the character of those who surrounded him. "No! I should be thankful to be free. But—*Cora!* O—if she could go with me!"

He came nigh weeping again when he thought of being separated from the gentle being who had been his companion so long; but he overcame the emotion, and when he had become perfectly calm he went to Cora's room. He found her engaged in writing a letter to himself. She did it quickly as she saw who had come, and then leaping to her feet she started forward to kiss him, as was her wont. She had placed her hands upon his shoulders, but ere she had raised her lips to his cheek she noticed the expression that dwelt upon his features.

"Why—what is the matter, Bion?" she cried, letting her hands fall, and starting back. "What is it? What has happened?"

"Kiss me first, Cora, and then I will tell you. There,—now sit down here."

The two sat down together, with their arms around each other, and then Bion said,—

"I have something very important to tell you, Cora." His voice was very low, and it trembled in spite of him.

"Bion," she cried, reaching her right hand up to his shoulder, "I know! I know! Oh! You are going away from me! you are going away! They won't! You won't let them take you away! Oh! I shall die!"

The boy caught her in his arms, and her fair, soft cheek rested upon his bosom.

"Listen to me, Cora."

"Tell me you will not go away! Tell me you will not leave me! Oh! tell me that!"

"I cannot tell you so, Cora. But listen. If you love me, listen to what I have to say."

She did not speak, but she wept and sobbed, and clung more closely to her fond companion's bosom. Bion held her thus, and, with all the power he could command, he spoke:

"Cora—I must leave you. Could I stay with you I would, for it well nigh breaks my heart to think of the parting. But look at me. Why should I remain here? I must be a man. How can I ever be a man here? Only think what kind of people live around us here. How often have you and I talked of what we would be one of these days. You want me to be a good and honored man; and I will be one if I live. But I could never do anything here. I am going away to sea. I shall visit foreign countries, and see strange things. I shall be good always, and resolve that if I live my life shall be worth something. Whenever I come home I shall come to see you; and at some time I will come home able to claim you for my wife, and then we will be so happy. But could I ever be that man by staying here?"

Thus the boy talked for a long while. There was a strange power in his language, and as thought after thought of the future became developed, Cora grew more and more calm, until at length she gazed up through her tears and smiled. Bion saw that he was conquering, and he went on. That smile gave him new strength, and with the whole power of his imagination he painted the future he would carve out for her and himself. He would labor steadily and persistently towards the single aim of honorable and respected manhood,—then wealth should be gained,—and finally the whole should end in the fruition of such joys as only the young and guileless heart can imagine.

Cora saw it all, and though the separation would be a bitter one, yet she would bear up. The boy kissed her and blessed her, and then they resumed the conversation in a more calm and reasonable tone. They talked of love as seriously and meaningly as could be, and their mutual pledges were given with an earnestness and devotion which spoke from the heart. Bion called on God to witness that no power of earth should ever draw his heart from her; and she, in turn, did the same.

That night but little sleep came to the eyes of the two child-lovers; and when they arose on the following morning each could see that the other had been weeping.

But time was passing away, and the dark morning at length came. For several days Margery had been packing away things in a large chest. It was a blue chest, with a till in one end, and had the name—Bion Bernard—painted on it in black letters. All his books, with papers and pens and ink, were carefully stowed away. The pens—a whole bunch of them—had all been mended by the kind tutor; and then he had selected a good knife, and taught the boy so that he could mend them when they should need it. Plenty of clothing had been procured, and, in short, everything which love could suggest.

Bion and Cora had just arisen from the breakfast-table when two men, habited in the rough garb of sailors, entered the room, followed by Barrabas Lattimore.

"Is this the youngster?" asked one of them, pointing to our young hero.

Instinctively Bion gazed upon the speaker. He was a middle-aged man, short and stout, with a dark, weather-beaten face, and a countenance expressive of good nature. The other was taller and younger, and though full as good looking, yet he did not seem to possess so much character as did his companion. He was one who would be dependent upon surrounding circumstances for his disposition.

"This is the boy," said Lattimore.

"Are you going?" shrieked Cora, turning pale as death.

Bion tried to answer her. He tried to tell her to be calm. But he could not speak.

"Margery—you had better take that girl away," spoke Barrabas Lattimore. "We don't want any nonsense here!"

In an instant—as though by a touch of electricity—the boy started up and faced the man who had spoken thus. His dark eye flashed, and his finely chiseled lips were tightly compressed. He had seen the same man before, and, spite of all Margery's assurances, he believed he saw in that hateful face, the lineaments of one who had at sometime annoyed him.

"Take her away?" he repeated, in a clear, ringing tone, as full of dauntless courage as it was of keen bitterness. "Take away my only companion! Would *you* take her away, sir?"

"None of your impudence to me, you young dog! Margery, take the girl off!"

"No, no, Cora," winding one arm about her fairy-like form, "do not fear. Aunt Margery wont touch you; and as for that bad man, *he dares not!*" As he thus spoke, he turned a flashing glance upon the base attorney, and in a low, penetrating tone he added—

"The very life of such a thing as you is not worth a moment's pain to such a pure being as this!"

Lattimore had clenched his fist and taken a step forward, when the elder sailor interposed:

"Avast, there!" he growled. "Just haul your wind a bit, my sweet son of a gun! If ye fall afoul o' that light craft, split my toplights, if I don't capsize ye!"

Barrabas Lattimore cast a quick glance at the tough old son of Neptune, and quickly concluded to sheer off. He had supposed that the woman would obey him at once; but when he found her opposed to him also, he let the matter drop, with the simple wish, however, that he might have charge of the boy only a few hours.

"Have you come for me to go to the ship?" Bion asked, turning to the stout sailor.

"Yes, my sonny. My name 's Jack Wallace. Call me Jack, if ye please. This pooty bit of a marlin-spike is Nat Anderson. He aren't very good-lookin', but he's good when he behaves well. And now are ye ready?"

Cora heard it all. She gazed first upon Bion, and then into the weather-seared face of Jack Wallace. In a moment more she left the boy's side, and went up and took Jack's great hard hand. Then she gazed up, and while the big tears swam in her eyes she said, in an earnest, prayerful tone—

"Oh? be good to Bion! He is going away from me! You will be good to him!"

"Good to him?" cried the honest old tar, wiping his eyes with his jacket-sleeve. "In course I'll be good to him."

"Oh! you promise me—you'll be very good to him—you'll be good always. He is good, and he will love you very much; and I'll love you, too!"

"Come here, you bit of a sunbeam!" cried Jack, lifting the girl like a doll in his stout arms.

"Now mayn't I kiss ye?"

"Yes, sir."

"There!" the old tar shouted, as he gave a smack upon her round cheek that sounded like a pistol shot, "if I ever cease to be good to him may I forget yer sweet face, and may that kiss turn to fire and burn my lips off!"

Cora threw her two little white arms about his neck, and then kissed him upon the bearded cheek; and as she touched the floor a warm tear fell upon her neck. She gazed up again, and to her those tears, which she saw in the stout man's eyes, gave her an assurance which no words could have conveyed.

She hung awhile longer about Bion's neck, and then Aunt Margery tenderly drew her away.

"Don't make his going any worse than you can help," she whispered.

Cora saw a pair of scissors upon the table close by her, and quickly raising them, she drew out one of her sunny ringlets and cut it off.

"Here," she said, handing it to Bion, "you'll never, never forget your poor Cora!"

He caught the gift—he pressed her once more to his bosom—and then he murmured—

"Never! Live and love me always, and you shall have my whole heart as long as it beats in my bosom! I will be good. God bless you!—Good-bye!"

Margery drew the weeping girl away from the room; and Bion, having dashed the tears from his eyes, told the men he was ready.

They took his heavy chest and carried it out, and he only waited to see Aunt Margery. She came—she told him to be a good boy—to be sure and never come to New York without seeing her. "For," she whispered, "I may have something to tell you one of these days. No, no—it 's nothing now—only I may learn something."

She kissed him—he returned it—and then hurried from the house.

The world was before him—and so was the great sea of life! He strode on, and as he went he pressed his hand upon the talisman he wore next to his heart, and resolved that he would never forget the pure counsel it so strangely fastened in his memory!

CHAPTER XV

AT SEA.

The Aldebaran was a heavy ship, and bound for the Indies. The captain was named James Long. He was a tall, stout man, with coarse black hair, and eyes of the same penetrating hue. In his government at sea he was severe and strict, but never unjust. His chief mate was altogether a different looking man, being short and stumpy, with a bushy head of a fiery red color, and eyes and complexion to match. His name was William Stowe, and he was one of the best practical sailors to be found anywhere.

The ship lay at single anchor out in the harbor, being all ready for sea, and as Bion came over the gangway he was lost in a maze of wonderment and awe. The whirl of varied emotions that possessed his soul completely overcame the sad memories he had been cherishing; and as his feet touched the deck, he pressed both hands over his eyes and bowed his head.

"What's the matter, me son?" asked Jack Wallace. "Ye aren't gettin' home-sick so soon, eh?"

As the kind tones of the old sailor's voice fell upon his ear the boy raised his head and gazed up. A strange light broke over his handsome features, and while his nether lip trembled perceptibly, he replied—

"No, sir—I ain't home-sick. But I was never away from Aunt Margery before. I—I—don't know how I feel. It is all very strange to me."

As Bion thus spoke, he cast his eyes over the wide, long deck, and as he met the gaze of the rough men he turned to Jack and convulsively caught him by the hand, and then looking up with an imploring expression, he murmured—

"Wont you be good to me? Wont you take care of me, and tell me how to do my duty?"

"By the Blessed Mother, me boy," cried Jack, seizing the little fellow by both hands, "so long as I live I'll keep ye under convoy. While Jack Wallace is safe, you shall be safe—while Jack has a crust, you shall have half of it; and if any man thinks to do ye harm they must sail by old Jack first. Mind that, now, me hearty. Ye've got a friend as 'll stick by ye till the last."

"Bless you! Bless you!" uttered Bion, with tears in his eyes. He would have spoken further, but at that moment the captain came up and placed his hand upon his head.

"Is this Master Bion Bernard?" the commander asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Jack Wallace, with a scrape and a bow. "This is the boy, and I should like to take him in charge, Capt'n, if ye've no objection. He's never been away afore, and as I'm the first one he's got acquainted with, he kind o' naterally takes to me."

The captain gazed into the boy's face, and having studied for some moments he said—

"I guess you're a pretty good boy, aint you?"

"I mean to try, sir; and I hope you may never have occasion to find fault with me," promptly, though somewhat tremulously, replied our hero.

"I like that. I like that, my boy. And now just mind this: If you're good, and do your duty as well as you can, you'll find everything pleasant and comfortable. I don't mean to tell you what I should do if you were bad, for I don't believe you will be any such thing."

"I believe I never was naughty, sir. But I don't know yet what I must do."

"Well—Jack Wallace must learn you," said the captain. And then turning to Jack, he added—

"If you'll take good care of the little fellow, and be sure that you set him no bad examples, I'll place him under your charge."

Jack promised, and in a few moments more he led Bion away to the forecastle, where his chest had already been carried. He was deeply grateful to his friend for his kindness; but he knew not then how much he had to be grateful for, though he was not many days in realizing it. Jack Wallace was unlike most of the others. Beneath the rough crust which had been formed by years of exposure and toil there was a fount of pure goodness and morality. He despised the grosser evils of his companions' habits, and pitied them for their weaknesses. Away in the interior of the Empire State he had a poor old mother whom he supported, and this one influence alone had much to do with his general character. He could afford to waste no money, so he steered clear of all debauchery and dissipation. Captain Long knew all this, or he would not have been so ready to let Jack take charge of the boy.

Jack Wallace would have been promoted long before had it not been for one draw-back. His education was very slight. He could not write, and as for reading he could take no interest even in that, for before he could spell out a hard word he had forgotten those which preceded it. He had been left an orphan at an early age, and ever since had worked hard, having been at sea ever since he was ten years of age. In the forecastle he had never had any one to teach him, so he had grown up with no education save that noble education of heart which made him loved, and the thorough knowledge of his duties as an able, thorough seaman.

And yet Jack received more pay than did any of his mates. He was paid, in all, the same wages as were given to the third mate; and none of the others knew it. Only Captain Long and Jack knew anything about it. His regular pay was kept upon the ship's books, and then the owners, or agent, made up the balance.

Jack's bunk was wide and roomy, built on purpose for two men, and into this Bion's bedding was put. His chest was placed beneath it, where it could answer both for a seat and a table, and for the present Jack took charge of the key. It was the boy's own request that he should do so.

Within an hour after Bion came on board all hands were called to get under weigh. He rendered no assistance at this work. All was so new and so strange, that he could only stand and gaze on. He saw the men heave the great windlass, and he saw the stout chain come in through the hawse-hole, link by link, as though something very heavy were at the other end.

It must be remembered that, though brought up in the great metropolis, Bion had never seen a ship until this day that he could remember anything about. He had a faint recollection of having sailed in one at some time. Things were all strange about him, and yet there was a sort of dreamy impression that he had seen them before. As he pondered over it when alone it seemed to come to him in connexion with his mother. But he could only feel sure that he had, at some former period, spent some time on shipboard.

The anchor was soon apeak, and then the men were sent aloft to loose the sails. The jib was set, and then the men heaved away at the windlass again. Presently there came a stop—the men bore down upon their handspikes with all their power, but to no effect; the windlass would not revolve. The captain and mate came forward, and gave a hand at the work. One more heave—one more—another—and "away she went." The anchor had been lifted from the tenacious mud, and as the strong hold was broken the jib filled, the ship's head swept slowly around—the top-sails were dropped and sheeted home—the heavy yards were hoisted—the courses were let go, and the tacks and sheets hauled down—the top-gallant sails set—the spencers shaken out to the breeze; and with the white canvas thus spread the heavy ship moved through the water rapidly.

It was an entrancing season to Bion Bernard. He watched every movement; and while he wondered at the strange things he saw he did not forget to see how they were all done. It was some time ere he could make it appear that the solid mass upon which he stood was in motion. At first he really felt that the great city was in motion. It seemed to be sweeping around in a huge circle, and anon it struck off upon a tangent and began to recede.

But by and by the boy made it all appear right as, perched upon the bowsprit, he gazed upon the seemingly moving masses and the water together.

The Narrows were reached; and another season of thrilling interest was passed as the green shores and pretty cottages swept swiftly by. Away the great ship went, leaving the verdant shores behind, and ere long the boy's eye dwelt upon the far-off boundlessness of the ocean! He gazed in rapt wonder upon the scene, and he might have sat there for hours had not a faint, sick feeling come over him. He grew dizzy and weak, and with a sensation of pain and sadness he sought the deck. He found Jack, and caught him by the hand. The ship had passed Sandy Hook, and was now in a long, heavy swell of sea that produced a motion very far from pleasant to the landsman.

"Eh, Bion? Has it took a hold of ye so quick?" said Jack, with a smile.

"I am very sick, sir——"

"Hold on. Just clap a stopper on that ere. Now look ye, my boy: Don't ye never *sir* me no more. Will ye just mind that? I don't like it; and if I did I shouldn't want to hear it from any body I loved. D'ye mind?"

"Yes, s—s yes. But O—I am very sick!"

"But ye know what 'tis, don't ye? Ye know what makes ye sick?"

"No, s—s— No."

"Comes hard, don't it, to drop that handy handle? But never mind—ye'll soon get as used to it as ye will to the sea. But I want to know if ye never know'd anything about bein' sea-sick?"

"Sea-sick? Is this being sea-sick?"

"Yes. What did ye think it was?"

"I didn't know. Aunt Margery told me I should be sea-sick, but I thought she only meant that I should be homesick."

"Well, well,—you're sea-sick now, Bion; but you'll soon get over it, and then ye won't be likely to have it again. Come—I'll look out for ye through this nitch."

For three long, dark, dreary days Bion remained below, and during most of the time he cared little whether he lived or died. He was sick—sick in body, and sick at heart,—and all the while he allowed his mind to dwell upon the darkest side of his fate. He wept until the fount of his tears seemed dry, and when Jack asked him why he wept he only replied,—"I am very unhappy!"

And during those hours of pain his mind was often bent upon a startling proposition which had forced itself upon him. He felt sure that there was some evil power at work in his affairs. He believed that, sometimes, there was a man who hated him, and who had sent him off to sea to get rid of him. This may have come to him through a dream; or, it may have come through waking thought. At any rate he had the doubt, and it gave him ample field for useless and unpleasant conjecture.

On the morning of the fourth day the boy arose well and strong. He ate a hearty breakfast, and then asked what he should do. Jack took him over the deck and gave him the names of the different ropes, and also of the various parts of the ship. Before noon the boy could lay his hand upon every rope that led on deck. His tutor was surprised. He at first believed that the boy had been on ship-board before; but Bion's solemn assurance to the contrary soon set him right, and he was forced to admit that his pupil was smart.

One day Jack Wallace and Bion were alone in the forecastle together, when the former said he believed he must get the mate to write a letter for him.

"We may be fallin' in with a home'ard-bound vess'l afore long," he said, "and I should like to have my poor old mother know that I'm so far safe."

"Haven't you got any paper?" asked Bion.

"Paper? No."

"I have plenty. I'll give you some. I should like to."

"And what should I do with paper?"

"Why—I thought you wanted to write a letter."

"Oho—I see. You fancy old Jack can write. No, no, my boy," the old sailor added, in a lower tone, "I never knew how."

"Are you in earnest, Jack?"

"Why—sartin I am. When I was a boy I had no chance, and since I've grown up I hain't had the courage to ask anybody to learn me."

"I thought you knew how to do that, I'm sure."

"Why—can you write, my boy?"

"O, yes,—I can write very well; and I should like to write for you if you will let me."

"*You* write? Aren't ye jokin'?"

"No, Jack. But stop—"

Bion took the key of his chest, and having unlocked it he found his pens, ink, and paper, and soon had them ready for use. Without asking any questions he commenced and wrote—"*Ship Aldebaran, at Sea, May 17th*, 18—." And then he began the next line—"My Dear Mother."

"There," he said, "now what shall I write?"

"My eyes!" exclaimed the honest old tar, as he took up the paper and examined the specimen of penmanship thus afforded. It was very prettily and roundly written, and Jack could see at once that it was plain and symmetrical. "Why—what a man ye be, Bion. Only think! *you* writin' a letter for old Jack Wallace! Well, well—there's many a strange thing yet to happen. But I can offset it. I can larn ye to be a sailor. Jack can't write, my boy; but he can hand, reef, an' steer with any on 'em; and he'll larn Bion Bernard, too."

The boy went on, at Jack's dictation, and wrote the letter,—only taking his old friend's ideas, and putting them into shape to suit himself. When it was done, he read it aloud, and Jack fairly wept over the tender pathos the boy had woven into the missive.

"Don't ye seal it up," the old sailor cried. "By the pipe o' Moses, I'm agoin' to let some o' my shipmates see that ere affair. They must see what a child I've got!"

Bion would have dissuaded his friend from the purpose if he could, but his trying was of no avail. Jack caught the letter and hurried on deck, and, ere long, half the crew had seen it. Of course, they were surprised; and from that time forth, the boy was looked upon as of some importance. He had proved himself capable of doing what many a man on board the ship would have given much to be able to do.

By the time the ship reached the Cape of Good Hope, our hero had learned much. He not only knew every rope, spar, and point, but he could run up the rigging like a squirrel, and furl a royal as neatly as need be. In fact, he was a valuable hand, and filled his place to as good acceptance as did any one on board.

Thus far, all had been as fair and smooth as could be. A change was at hand!

[To be continued in our next.]

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

To die! This warm heart to be still and cold forever; these limbs that are so active now—to lie motionless in the coffin; these eyes to be closed on all they have loved—still closed, though passionate kisses and tears should fall upon them. It is a strange thought!

What would the soul be doing then? What would it think of the few real mourners who bent above the worn-out tenement it had left forever? How would it look upon those who had heaped curses upon that unconscious head in life, and who came to gloat over their work, when hate and anger and revenge could do no more.

I can fancy it all. I can see the small procession enter the burying ground. I can see the wet day, the dying leaves, and the gray and sombre sky. There are children peeping through the railings of the grave-yard fence, with a half-frightened, half-interested air. There are one or two, it may be, standing beside the open grave, who have love and memory busy in their hearts, and they can weep—the rest are silent. They lower the coffin into the damp, dark grave;—some one bends forward, and the first sods rattle down with a sharp, pitiless sound. They shudder and look up at the cloudy sky, as if they feared to see a spirit there. The grave is filled, and the brown sods laid upon it—the procession passes slowly from the lonely place. It might be that those who wept, turn to look at the mound they are leaving behind, as the iron-gate closes after them; but it is only a glance—they turn away and sigh—then step into the waiting carriages and are wheeled away. The lonely grave remains behind—and the rain falls, and the sobbing autumn wind whirls the wet and withered leaves around. It is a dreary picture. Let me paint another, as full of light, as this of shade. Let me speak of a grave upon a sunny slope in green and beautiful Vermont. A grave not very long nor very wide—but long and wide enough to hold the hope of a happy household, and the unchanging love of a deep and tender heart. A little marble monument gleams fair in the sunshine of May—a hand is pointing upward, and the words—"Come to Heaven," are carved beneath. They fell from *her* lips often during those last days, and they have their echo in the hearts that loved her. The flowers she loved are blooming here around her—the bee and the butterfly hover over the lonely spot, and a sweet-voiced robin has built her nest within the small enclosure, and will rear her young beside this grave. Her sweetest song at morning will be warbled here, and at dusk as she sinks to rest, her good-night strain will float above the mossy pillow where that fair young head is lying. The lowing of the cows on their homeward way—the bleating of the young lambs beside their dams—the singing of the birds—the rustle of the green leaves overhead—these are the sounds that will lull the sleeper into a more profound repose. And here, too, low sobs, faint words of prayer, will break the charmed silence—here tears will fall like rain upon the sod that hides her from the sight of those who loved her—here love, which can never die, though its frail tabernacle may perish, will watch above her slumbers, and keep her resting-place green and beautiful forever!

Tread lightly! Speak softly! For here the darling daughter, the beloved sister, the "loving little wife" is sleeping! Sunshine, and flowers, and the glad songs of birds! Oh, they are in their proper place—for only images of beauty, love and tenderness should be gathered around the grave where our gentle, graceful "Lucy" lies!

"One whom God has taken." Is it really, then, so hard to write this of one whom we have loved with despairing tenderness? Oh, no! It is but for a little while, and a meeting shall come in Heaven. But a little while, and all will be well again, and the hearts that bleed and ache to-day shall be healed to-morrow.

Peace be with the dead! They can suffer and sin no more—they can never grow old, nor fade from the fresh young beauty in which we last beheld them. Time stops with them, while he hurries us onward. For us, the trembling limbs, the white hair, and the furrowed brows—for them, the golden locks, the beaming eyes, and glorious faces of early youth. Hushed in an enchanted slumber, they are lying deep in the grave—but in our memories they bloom as lovely as ever.

Better thus! Better to know they left us with unchanged hearts, than to live to see them grow cold and careless. The tears that fall upon the grave are not the most bitter we can shed. There is treachery, and falsehood, and deceit around us, and the sting of each is keen, and void of consolation. There are hearts we have trusted only to see them fail us in the hour of bitterest need—there are hands we have grasped in friendship, only to see them thrust us down into the mire of scandal a little after—there are faces we once loved, and which seemed full of beauty to our adoring eyes, yet which, like the Prophet of Khorassan, have only a glittering veil between us and their hideous deformity, and some day lift it. On such hearts we can never again depend—in such hands we cannot place our own—on such faces we can only look, through blinding tears, for the last time; then shut down memory—like a coffin lid! Oh, better far that they had been lying in the grave, long, long before this bitter day had dawned!

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AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.

Stand, O Man! upon the hill-top—in the stillness of the evening hour—and gaze, not with joyous, but with contented eyes, upon the beautiful world around thee! See, where the mists, soft and dim, rise over the green meadows, through which the rivulet steals its way! See where, broadest and stillest, the wave expands to the full smile of the setting sun—and the willow that trembles on the breeze—and the oak that stands firm in the storm, are reflected back, peaceful both, from the clear glass of the tides! See, where, begirt by the gold of the harvests, and backed by the pomp of a thousand groves—the roofs of the town, bask, noiselessly, in the calm glow of the sky. Not a sound from those abodes floats in discord to thine ear,—only from the church-tower, soaring high above the rest, perhaps, faintly heard through the stillness, swells the note of the holy bell. Along the mead low-skims the swallow—on the wave, the silver circlet, breaking into spray, shows the sport of the fish. See the Earth, how serene, though all eloquent of activity and life! See the Heavens, how benign, though dark clouds, by yon mountain, blend the purple with the gold! Gaze contented, for Good is around thee—not joyous, for Evil is the shadow of Good! Let thy soul pierce through the veil of the senses, and thy sight plunge deeper than the surface which gives delight to thine eye. Below the glass of that river, the pike darts on his prey; the circle in the wave, the soft plash amongst the reeds are but signs of Destroyer and Victim. In the ivy round the oak by the margin, the owl hungers for the night, which shall give its beak and its talons living food for its young; and the spray of the willow trembles with the wing of the redbreast, whose bright eye sees the worm on the sod. Canst thou count, too, O Man! all the cares—all the sins—that those noiseless roof-tops conceal? With every curl of that smoke to the sky, a human thought soars as dark, a human hope melts as briefly. And the bell from the church-tower, that to thy ear gives but music, perhaps knolls for the dead. The swallow but chases the moth, and the cloud that deepens the glory of the heaven, and the sweet shadows on the earth, nurses but the thunder that shall rend the grove, and the storm that shall devastate the harvests. Not with fear, not with doubt, recognise, O Mortal, the presence of Evil in the world. Hush thy heart in the humbleness of awe, that its mirror may reflect as serenely the shadow as the light. Vainly, for its moral, dost thou gaze on the landscape, if thy soul puts no check on the dull delight of the senses. Two wings only raise thee to the summit of Truth,—where the Cherub shall comfort the sorrow, where the Seraph shall enlighten the joy. Dark as ebon spreads the one wing, white as snow gleams the other—mournful as thy *reason* when it descends into the deep—exulting as thy *faith* when it springs to the day-star.

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Appearances.—We are judged not by the virtues we possess, but by the indications of them which we assume. Like the style adopted for epistolary usage, in which we sign ourselves the obedient servants of persons we have no value for, so the semblance of virtue imposes on many, and satisfies all.

◆

Pleasures.—Pleasures are like those mountains which charm us when beheld from a distance; but lose all the beauty of their deceitful hue when we approach near.

A MIRAGE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

All alone in a valley of icy rain,
With my heart worn out with a terrible chain,
I gazed on the Future's mysterious plain
As a vision of loveliest light.
Dim, hushed, and bewildering in beauty it rose,
As weary I sighed for a place of repose,
While around me the north wind went drifting the snows
Through the desolate dark of the night.

'Twas a castle as dreamy and fair as could be,
With its marble half shadowed by many a tree,
Mirrored in the blue deeps of a miniature sea,
While a fiery thirst burned in my soul;
And fruits of a beautiful richness hung low
In bird-haunted groves, shining 'mid the green glow;
Delighted, I murmured: oh, fate! let me go—
I see such a glorious goal!

A form like thine own wooed me on to the scene,
With fond arms reaching out o'er the water's still sheen,
To clasp the lone wanderer whose way long had been
Through a vale of the drearest despair.
I forgot the lost light of Allan's blue eyes,
And, thinking of thee, how I hushed all my sighs,
And roved on and on for a beautiful prize—
But alas, it was painted in air!

Now I'm weary again and the winds of the night
Drift the snows round my heart—but a vision of light
Rises, mist-like, once more on my spirit's dim sight,
And wooes me away to be blest.
That vision of light is most wondrously fair,
That vision of light is not painted on air!
But the valley of shadows divides—it is there,
It is there that the weary find rest!

UNKNOWN TONGUES;

OR,

THE LOVER AND THE CLASSICS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Jacob Jones was an original. He had passed the meridian of life, and was wealthy. His head had become grey; but his step was firm, and his frame yet untouched by enervation. He was not much over fifty, though he loved to call himself an old man. He fancied there was something very dignified in old age, and he lost no opportunity of impressing upon the minds of visitors the fact of his advanced age.

Jacob Jones had originally been a farmer. He happened to inherit a farm very near to a great city, and for many years he made much money by carrying early produce to the city, and selling it. At length, the citizens of the metropolis began to look into the suburban towns for country residences; and, ere long, Jacob began to receive offers for portions of his farm. That farm chanced to be one of the most delightful locations anywhere around; and people were very desirous of obtaining building lots there. But Jacob would not sell. He wanted his farm to raise market produce upon. The result was, that in the course of a few years, quite an aristocratic village had sprung up around his farm; and the rich men's boys began to steal his melons and other fruit.

One day, a man came and offered Jacob twenty thousand dollars for his farm. This sounded very differently in his ears from "fifty dollars," or "seventy-five dollars," for a house-lot. He began to ponder. If this man could afford to pay twenty thousand dollars for the place, it must be worth more. So Jacob sent the applicant away, and resolved to sell to suit himself. He selected his old house spot for his own use, with the adjoining orchard and garden, of about six acres; and the rest—a hundred and forty-four acres—he divided off into house and garden lots, and advertised them for sale. The result was to him an immense fortune, beside several beautiful lots which he had not yet sold. He built himself a splendid mansion, and then "lay back upon his dignity."

Jacob Jones suffered one great sorrow. He was unlettered and unlearned. Yet, he had the largest and most select library in the town; and people often found him with big books in his hand. He was almost a monomaniac upon that subject. Wealthy people who visited him, never failed to compliment him upon his library, and praise his classical taste. He had heard so much about *the classics,* that he fairly went crazy over the idea. He wanted his child to study them.

And—by the way—I must tell you about old Jacob's child: Her name was Carra, and she was the only child he ever had, his wife having died soon after her babe was born. She was a small, neatly-formed girl; handsome enough to attract general attention; and by nature and education, mild and lovely. She had been brought up under the care of a maiden aunt—an elder sister of her father—who had lived with Jacob ever since the death of his wife, and who was a woman of sound sense and stern morals. She had loved the gentle Carra, and had left no means untried for her good and improvement.

Carra was a joyous, happy creature—she loved her father—he loved her—and so did everybody else. She had taught her father to write, and had given him lessons in grammar and arithmetic; for Jacob was sadly ignorant, and at the time of the sale of his land, he could manage to read simple newspaper paragraphs, by dint of spelling and guessing; and that was the extent of his literary ability. Yet, with all his ignorance, he fairly worshipped an intellectual man. The man who could read and translate the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew works he had in his library, was looked upon by him as little less than an inspired oracle. As we said before, he was a monomaniac on this point.

In the course of the summer, Fitz Edward Rivers made his appearance in Linden Dell, which was the euphonious name bestowed upon the village erected upon the old farm. Rivers was a tall, dark featured, elegant looking man, about thirty years of age. He was a brother of the wife of one of the wealthiest settlers in the place, and had come to spend the summer in this suburban bit of country. He had black eyes; and he also had black hair, which curled very beautifully. He dressed grandly; walked proudly; talked magneloquently; lounged magnificently; and played upon the piano excruciatingly, *a la* Thundre-hammer.

And Fitz Edward Rivers was, moreover, a Professor. He had graduated at old Harvard, and was now a "Professor of the French and Italian Languages." His brother-in-law had taken him from the position of a shoemaker's apprentice, at the age of sixteen, and sent him to school, paying all his expenses until he had passed through college, when he had hoped Fitz Edward would make a lawyer. But the aspiring youth could not think of such a thing. It was too much like drudgery. And then he had his own plan for the future. His aim was—*A Rich Wife.* He would pay particular attention to French and Italian, and music; and let other matters go,—for, through such a channel he hoped to reach some sensitive golden heart.

Fitz Edward was not long in discovering Carra Jones. She was rather "*nonpareille,*" he said—lacking, perhaps, in "*savoir-vivre;*" but she was an only child; pretty, and heiress to near half a million. His mind was made up. He discovered Jacob Jones's weakest point, and he attacked it.

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Nathaniel Ross, or, Nat, as he was generally called, was in his store, and busy as could be. He was a young man, just turned three-and-twenty; smart, active, industrious, intelligent, quick-witted, and, withal, quite good looking. He had served his time in the neighboring city with a druggist, and had now returned to his native village, and opened the first real apothecary's shop ever established there. As soon as people found that he was trust-worthy, they bought of him, instead of going or sending to the city. And then he had the physicians on his side. They examined him as to his qualifications for compounding prescriptions, and found him perfect. They had long been anxious to be rid of the trouble of lugging around medicine over the village; and they told Nat if he would open a store, and furnish the best quality of drugs, he should have their assistance. He did so, and was now flourishing. People knew him to be steady, honorable, and attentive, and they patronized him when they could. And then, the fact that he supported a widowed mother, gave him a firmer hold upon the esteem of the people.

Nat was just putting up some compounded powders for an old lady, when a boy came in, and left a note. As soon as the powders were put up and paid for, he went to his desk and opened the missive. He knew the hand that wrote the superscription well. He read as follows:

> "DEAREST—That popinjay, Fitz Edward Rivers, is here. He has contrived to get upon papa's weak side, and is following up a successful attack. Papa thinks him the most learned man he ever saw; and he says I shall marry him. He says the wedding shall be this very coming month. What must we do? Come and see me this evening. CARRA."

For a few moments, poor Nat was almost powerless. The bare thought of losing Carra Jones was enough to drive him frantic. He had loved her from a child. They had been playmates, schoolmates, and love-mates together, and with each succeeding season their love had grown stronger and stronger. He had visited her at her home as freely as he visited his own mother; and her father had always been kind and pleasant towards him. He had never spoken to the old man directly about having Carra for a wife; but then he supposed it was all understood. He and Carra had, however, talked a great deal about marriage; and they had planned that the happy event should come off just as soon as Nat had his house and store all paid for, and one thousand dollars ahead, which he knew he should do, if he had his health, by another spring. And he really supposed that Jacob Jones understood all about it. He knew he should marry an heiress, if he had Carra, but he was resolved that not one single hope of his life should rest upon her father's money.

And all this was known to the villagers. When some of them had asked him why he didn't marry, he had given them that answer. And these same villagers—those who had been raised there—saw the aim of Fitz Edward Rivers, and they were mighty indignant. Some of them wished to ride him out of town on a rail; but some others, who were more cool, said:—"Wait. Let Nat handle him."

At the appointed time, Nat made his appearance at Jacob Jones's. He approached the house boldly, and rang the bell as usual. Carra came, and immediately conducted him away to her own little study, where she sat down by his side, and told all about the new suitor.

"Papa is determined," she said, with tears in her eyes. "You know what he is. He is kind and good; but upon this single subject of educated men he is fairly crazy. Were a young man, who could make a greater show of learning than Rivers can, to come along to-morrow, papa would give him the preference."

"But if you were to entreat your father to spare you, would he not do it?" asked Nat.

"No. He thinks that the highest good I can attain to on earth is an intellectual husband. He says no one shall marry me, and thus inherit his property, who cannot make a good use of his library. And above all, they must be thoroughly posted up in the classics."

"But is this Rivers a classical scholar?"

"No—I am sure he is not. He can speak French and Italian very fluently, because he has studied them so as to teach them; but of Latin and Greek I am sure he knows nothing, save a few phrases in common use. He is cheating papa, because he wants his money."

"You are sure he don't understand the dead languages, then?" said Nat., quite earnestly.

"I am sure he doesn't; for yesterday father asked him to read to him from a Latin book, and translate it. He took the book, and having blundered through the Latin, he gave the English version entirely false. I know, because the piece was about one of the adventures of Ulysses—you know you gave me a translation of it—and I knew how utterly nonsensically he translated it. It wasn't at all right. But then he has such a bold, off-hand way, that he can do just as he pleases. He has found out all about papa's weakness, and feels safe in his operations. He has a polished, fashionable education; and that is all."

"We must outwork him," said the young druggist, after pondering awhile upon what Carra had told him. "Your father has no idea of how much, or how little, I know; and if this fellow is ignorant of Greek and Latin I can out-talk him."

"Oh—if you could!" cried Carra, winding her arm about her lover's neck.

"I will. I will come to-morrow evening."

"Why not this evening?"

"Because I must study up some Latin phrases. I can translate some, but I am not very thorough. Yet a series of disconnected sentences will answer every purpose. I know it is deception; but it is surely the most pardonable kind of deception. Sometimes, in order to cure a monomaniac, they have to work upon his peculiar fancy by deception; and I look upon this in the same light; for I know your father must be weak-minded upon this subject, else he could not trample upon the hopes of one whom he loves, as I know he loves you. In fact, it is but a counter-deception, to be used as the only means of thwarting a scheming, calculating adventurer."

This was evident enough to any one who understood the circumstances. The sudden coming of vast wealth and aristocratic position upon one who knew not how to bear them, had served to disease the mind; and it developed itself in a false worship of the outward appearance of learning.

On the following evening Jacob Jones and Fitz Edward Rivers sat together in the magnificently adorned and richly-stored library of the former. The old man had never before so keenly felt his ignorance, for never before had he witnessed such a display of learning as his present companion exhibited. On all former occasions visitors had refrained from literary conversation out of courtesy to the host; but not so with Fitz Edward Rivers. He piled up the agony of classical lore prodigiously.

"Ah—I must have ye wi' me always!" cried the old man, in exstacy, as the popinjay finished a long French sentence which he professed to speak as Latin. "I'll larn of ye. Ye'll larn me the clarssicks, won't ye?"

"Aye, with pleasure, *mon ami. Amour fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout.*"

The host gazed in wonder upon the intellectual prodigy before him; and could he even have had that sentence translated for him, he would only have smiled at the wit, and considered it a compliment to his wealth.

Just then the hall-bell was rung, and in a few moments more Carra opened the door and introduced Nathaniel Ross.

"Ah, Nat,—I'm glad to see you, my boy," said Jacob, advancing and extending his hand. "Let me interduce yer to Mr. Fitz Edward Rivers. Mr. Rivers, this be Nat Ross, one o' the boys of the village. He keeps a 'pothecary's shop. Nat—this be the greatest scholar of the age. He knows everything. You shall hear him read my clarssicks. He's agoin' to stay with me. We've got a plan all fixed—eh, me boy!"

Nat was really pained by this exhibition of the old man's demented state—so much so that he hardly noticed the supercillious manner in which the interloper received him. He saw a kind old man even turned against his own child by an impostor.

Nat was shown to a seat, and he saw that Rivers eyed him as though he would have given much could he only read his whole soul. The first glance the young druggist cast upon his rival convinced him of his, the rival's, true character. That snake's eye; that low, receding brow; that small, indented nose; that heavy under-lip; and that cold, calculating expression of the whole face, told plainly what he was to one who was in the habit of studying physiognomy.

Nat studied his man until he felt sure he knew him, and then he turned to his host. He did not wish to begin at once upon the work he had in hand; so he talked with Jacob about his house-lots, garden, &c., being careful to present such things as he knew would please the old man. He praised his gardening; spoke of the value of his choice fruits; complimented him upon his taste in furnishing; and wound up by telling his old friend that he was now enjoying the well-earned fruits of years of honest labor.

"It must be a peculiar source of pleasure to you, Uncle Jacob, to know that all your wealth is honorably yours, and that your old age is made so comfortable by it. I do not envy you your wealth; but I do sometimes envy you your more valuable possession. However, I have no reason to complain. I am prospering, too."

"Are ye, Nat?" cried the old man, warmly.

"Yes—I am doing well."

"Ye know I told ye long ago to come to me if ye wanted anything; and I really hoped ye'd come. I kept a couple thousand dollars for ye in my drawer more'n two months arter I told ye to come."

"I thank you all the same, Uncle Jacob. And I thanked you in my heart then, for I knew you would do all for me that I might ask."

"Of course I would. Ye know it."

Nat had broken the ice, and he now turned to Mr. Rivers, who had been regarding him with haughty disdain, though not unmixed with uneasiness.

"Do you understand the Greek and Latin languages, sir?" he asked, politely.

"I do, sir," Rivers answered, coolly.

"What Greek book should you advise a to study who wished to learn the language?"

"I am not a school-master, sir," the schemer returned, with a touch of haughtiness.

"O—I supposed not," said Nat, good-naturedly. "Yet I thought you might know what book would answer for one who wished to learn."

"I should recommend a Greek grammar, sir," answered Rivers, stiffly.

Jacob seemed to wonder why the scholar needed to be so cool and haughty; but he thought it must be all right.

"Do you think of trying to learn the language?" Rivers condescended to ask.

"Me?" said Nat, elevating his eyebrows. Oh, no. 'Twas for a friend I asked. I advised him to read Cicero's Orations. He understands part of the grammar. O—I am perfectly at home with Greek myself. I was reading this afternoon for recreation—that beautiful sentence—speaking of the philosopher, Alcibiades. You must remember it: "*To tou alki biadou ethos pollas anomoiotetas pros auto kai metabolas epedeixsato.*' You must remember the words.

"Ah—yes," stammered the professor, uncomfortably. "But—a—I don't think I ever read that."

"But what is your opinion of the idea?" asked Nat.

"Ah—well—I don't know as I could form an idea from so short an extract."

"O—I see. He goes on to say,—'*Phusei de pollom onton kai megalon pathon en auto, to philoneikon iskurotatonen, kai to philoproton, os delon esti tois paidikois apomnemoneumasin.*' Now you have the whole sentence. What is your opinion of it?"

Fitz Edward Rivers had just recollection enough of the Greek idiom to be sure that this was pure Greek. He felt uneasy. His face grew very red, and then turned very pale. But Nat didn't mean to give him time to work himself out by stratagem, so he resumed,—

"I suppose you understand Latin, sir?"

"I don't choose to be questioned by every one who may have a smattering of some dead languages, sir!" replied the fellow, warmly.

"Ah—don't," interposed Jacob, entreatingly. "Nat is a very good boy. I didn't know he knew so much. You must converse with him. I wish very much to hear you. Come, Nat—now you ask him a question in Latin. Oh! I do love to hear you. Now—go ahead, Nat, my boy."

"*Quis volo facio?*" said Nat, turning towards Rivers.

"Eh?—a ——"

"*Qui fio, ut nemo contentus vivo?*" continued our hero, giving his adversary no time to think.

"Hold on," cried the old man. "Aren't there two questions?"

"Yes, sir," said Nat.

"Wont you answer it, Mr. Rivers?"

"Really, sir. Ah—yes—*yes, sir.* That is all the answer it needs. It was a simple interrogatory."

"Wal—how was t'other?"

"Well—a—I think I should answer that, —— *No,*" returned the fellow, trembling perceptibly.

"I s'pose that ere's right, aren't it, Nat?" said Jacob, appealing to our hero.

"Why, sir—you must judge for yourself. I first asked him—'*What do you wish me to do?*' And next I asked him—'*How is it that no one lives contented?*'"

"Ah," uttered Rivers, spasmodically, "I didn't exactly understand."

"Never mind. Go ahead, Nat. I declare I kind o' like to hear them ere dead languages.'

"*Quantus ille ego æstimo puto?*" asked Nat, taking his watch from his pocket and holding it out.

"O—half-past eight," replied Rivers, at a venture.

"Hoitetity—why don't ye answer in Latin?" said the old man. "Ye hit him that time; but what is it in Latin?"

"O—ah—yes—*Halfum pasti eightibus!*" the fellow gasped, looking death and daggers at Nat.

"How's that, me boy?" cried Jacob, turning to our hero.

"The Latin for eight is *octo,* sir. But the question I asked was—'*How much, suppose you, I value that?*' Or, What do you suppose I think it's worth?"

"Eh?" uttered Jacob, looking first upon Rivers, and then upon Nat. "Rivers, me boy—you did not answer right. How's that?"

The interloper was staggered; but finally, taking the hint from Claude Melnotte, he said—

"His pronunciation, sir, is execrable. No one could understand it!"

"How's that, Nat?"

"Let us have a Latin book, sir," the youth said, quietly. "I see you have Virgil in your library."

"That's it," exclaimed Jacob, enthusiastically. "Now I've got two scholars here that understand Latin I must hear some of it. But, really, Nat, I'd no idee that you knowed so much."

"Why—what do you suppose I've been doing all my days?" returned Nat, in a tone of surprise.

"What sort of a druggist would a man make who didn't understand Latin? Why—I can speak twenty different tongues, sir.",

"Eh? Twenty, Nat?"

"Yes, sir. There's the Chinese, for instance. Do you speak Chinese, sir?"—(to Rivers.)

"No, sir!"

"O—you ought to. How can you understand the history of the oldest people on the earth without being able to read Confucius in the original? O—where he says—'*Een meengil foo-foo, siang-yang yenping chop fol de fum. Beebo ming, streebo fing, fang chang lin!*'"

"Why—that ere sounds like poetry, doesn't it?" cried Jacob, in delight.

"You are right, Uncle Jacob. It is poetry."

"It is? My conscience! I thought so. Say some more."

"*Kin-ying kaou hein, fiplin fi,—mal-pang patter-pan lip-tip-tie. Mung kung do foo, kia hia kang,— Nip nap nia fia, pillo pingo mang!*"

"Jerusalem! Now that ere's real poetry, an' no mistake."

"But yet I consider the Formosa language by far the most musical," resumed Nat, honestly. "For instance—'*Marapeoh ekiou seeli fariter seel-lee, nipphi lamour parpa.*'"

"Wal—that is kind o' soft, aint it? Do you understand that, Mr. Rivers?"

"No, sir—I do not. And I doubt if he does himself!"

"Eh? How's that, Nat?"

"The last sentence I spoke was, 'Old age should ever command our highest respect.'"

"And what was that Chinese poetry?"

"Aye—what was it?" added Rivers, defiantly.

"'No man should ever try to seem
To be what he is not;
Nor meddle with a deeper theme
Than he can safely *chop.*'"

You see I have to introduce that one Chinese word there to make the rhyme; and it comes in very well, too. It means to handle. The other verse is—

"'He must be a blinded dolt
Who thinks to win a maid with chaff;
His folly back to him will bolt,
And he who wins will have the laugh!'

"What do you think of that?"

"Capital! capital!" cried the old man. "What do you think of it, Rivers?—Eh? Why—what's the matter with ye? What ails ye?"

"Nothing—nothing," gasped the poor fellow, down whose cheeks and brow the sweat was running, and who looked pale as a ghost a moment before, but was now red as a boiled beet. "I am not well, sir. If you will dismiss your company—a—I might soon recover."

"Uncle Jacob," spoke Nat, warmly and sternly, "let Mr. Rivers speak just one sentence of Latin, or Greek before I go."

"Do you understand French or Italian, sir?" asked the discomfitted man, making a desperate attempt to rally behind those two languages.

"Of course I do," quickly replied Nat. "But what have they to do with the *classics?* It is the classical language we want, sir! It is that which gives a charm to education, and makes our studies light. It is that which gives zest to all learning, and fits the mind for the highest intellectual food! See this vast library, sir—collected by a man who, if he cannot read those ancient tomes himself, yet does them reverence, and honors the man who can! Talk not to me of French and Italian! The one is all fashion, and the other all music! Give me what we commenced upon—the *classics!* They are the themes that occupied mighty minds, and handed down to us mighty deeds! *O! Posteritas sum hic res memor! Vir sum bonus animus et superus consilium!* Oh! I love those men of the olden time! I love the classics! Let us have one verse from the Æneid. Come—one sentence from the noble classics!"

This fairly knocked Fitz Edward Rivers into a cocked hat. He didn't know which end he stood on. He gazed first at Nat, and then at Jacob; and then he shut his eyes and pinched his legs with his own thumbs and fingers.

Old Jacob Jones was in an ecstacy of delight. He never heard anything like it before in his life—never. He was utterly astounded at Nat's wondrous intellect and "larnin."

"Nat," he exclaimed, seizing the youth by the hand, "why didn't you tell me that you know'd all this?"

"Ah, sir," cried our hero, starting to his feet, and raising his hands aloft, "The deep sublimities of the classics were pursued for my own pleasure and gratification! In them I found a balm for every care—an antidote for every grief. I smiled at all obstacles, and grasped at the great boon I coveted. '*Qui quis difficilis sum, hic præclarus!*' I honor that classical saying. There *is* the more honor in the work which surmounts the most difficulty. The classics! the classics! Oh, the unlettered world dreams not of the inspiration contained in those magic pages! I will read to you from them, my noble friend, when the opportunity shall offer."

As Nat ceased speaking he moved to the library and took down a Greek Testament which lay there. He opened the first chapter of Mark, and commenced to read,—still standing, and throwing all his eloquence into the cabalistic words. He knew the Greek letters, having not only studied the language some years before, but having also spent nearly the whole of the preceding night in brushing up his memory. So he read the Greek words, and then translated from memory. He knew nearly the whole of that first chapter of Mark by heart, and thus he rattled it off without difficulty.

Thus he read the whole chapter—going over some half dozen verses in the original, and then reciting the English version from memory. As soon as he had finished he handed the book to Mr. Rivers. He knew that the fellow knew no more of the Bible than he did of Greek.

"Come, sir,—now give us a chapter," he said. "Let us hear it."

"Aye—gin it to us," added Jacob.

But Fitz Edward Rivers couldn't do it. He was sure that his antagonist was a thorough Greek scholar. He turned red, and pale, and blue; and finally started to his feet.

"I'll not bear this insult longer!" he exclaimed, clenching his fists. "Mr. Jones, turn this fellow out!"

"Uncle Jacob," quickly retorted our hero, "this man is an impostor. He knows no more of the classics than your cook does. He knows not half as much as *you* do, for you can appreciate them, and he can not!"

"Liar!" hissed Rivers, leaping forward and aiming a wild blow at Nat's head.

But the youth had been on the look out for this. He had expected it from the fellow's looks; so he nimbly stepped on one side, and projected his foot across the line of Fitz Edward's course; thus sending him headlong upon the floor.

By this time Jacob Jones began to see through the whole plot. He was upon the point of speaking when the door was opened, and a servant entered with some letters just from the post-office. And at the same time, too, Rivers regained his feet, and turned upon Nat.

"Stop, sir," thundered the old man. "Sit down a minute."

The fellow reluctantly obeyed. Then Jacob opened one of his letters, but he could not read it very easily. He managed, however, to spell out enough to be aware that it was from the lawyer of the village, his attorney, and that it warned him against Mr. Rivers as an adventurer, who was aiming to obtain his money and so on.

"I'll call on you to-morrow, sir," said Mr. Rivers, starting up from his seat. "If I have allowed my passions to run away with me I think you will pardon me when I explain the provocations. I will call to-morrow, sir. Good evening, sir."

Mr. Fitz Edward Rivers left, and shortly afterwards Nat did the same.

For nearly half an hour the old man sat there all alone and pondered. Finally he said to himself,—

"I've been imposed upon! That ere chap don't know noth'n about the clarssics. He's a reg'lar fortin-hunter. I've heern tell on 'em afore. But Nat is a ripper! I swan to man he is! I didn't know he was sich a cute one. But he's been in the city so long, I s'pose he's been pickin' up fast. And then I *know* Nat, too, He's a right down honest, good feller. And he supports his poor old mother, too. I remember when Mary Ross and I used to play together. By thunder, Nat's a reg'lar scholar. He is, an' no mistake. Where's Carry?"

He rung the bell, and in a very few moments Carra came in. She had seen Nat, and knew all that had transpired.

"Carry, me gall—I'm goin' to astonish ye," said the old man, with a mysterious wink and nod. "S'pose'n I was to tell ye that I'd made up my mind that Nat Ross should be your husband?"

"I think I should love him, papa; because I know he loves you so well."

"Wal—by the livin' Jerusalem! I've made up my mind. Nat Ross is your husband—that's flat!"

"Eh—cryin'? Why, what ye cryin' for, Carry? Don't. Nat's a good boy, and I railly believe he'll make a first rate husband. He knows all the clarssics, and is goin' to read 'em to me. Now don't cry. Come—don't!"

Carra rested her head upon the father's shoulder, and said,—

"I am not crying with sorrow, papa. I love Nathaniel—I love him dearly; and if you give him to me for my husband I shall be very happy; and I shall bless you always."

"You shall? *Do* ye love Nat?"

"Yes, papa—very much."

"Hooray! Three cheers! Hooray for Jackson! Jerusalem an' Jericho! Ye do love him! Wont we be in clover? Kiss me, Carry! Yer' a jewel! Hooray!"

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On the following day Fitz Edward Rivers called, but Jacob Jones would not see him. The old man had been over to the 'Squire's, and had there learned the fellow's true character. He sent word to Rivers by his servant never to call again.

That very evening Fitz Edward Rivers left town.

In one month from that time Nat became the happy husband of happy Carra Jones. And he did not deceive the old man, for he applied himself so dilligently to the Greek and Latin languages—a slight knowledge of which he already had—that at the end of the month he could read Homer and Virgil well. Constant practice made him proficient; and finally he became one of the finest classical scholars in that section. And his old father-in-law worshipped his intellect; but he knew that the intellect was there, for popular scholars were wont to come and converse with the young student.

But as for the Chinese and Formosan languages, Nat forgot them. He acknowledged that he never knew much about them, and as we had no literature in this country from those distant lands the study of their tongues was useless. Jacob understood it, and agreed with his son-in-law fully. Instead of Chinese Nat studied French; and in the place of Formosan he studied how to make those about him happy. In all of which he had the assistance of Carra, and also the substantial help of Jacob Jones.

MEALS IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

In the thirteenth century the two chief meals were dinner and supper, the first at nine in the morning, the supper at five in the afternoon. The greatest luxury and magnificence were displayed at those repasts, and the side-tables were highly ornamented, and covered with various fermented liquors, as mead, ale, beer, and, above all, rich wines of English growth. At the celebration in London of the marriage of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and Cincia, daughter of Redmond, Earl of Provence, (A. D. 1243,) there were above thirty thousand dishes served at the marriage dinner. An unlimited hospitality reigned in the castles of great barons; their gates were ever open to strangers of condition, as well as their own vassals, friends and followers. It is evident that the immense halls to be seen in the remains of ancient structures, were built to accommodate vast numbers of guests of all ranks; and the little window above, opening from a recess of the state apartment, was evidently intended in order that the guests should be seen assembling, before the lord of the mansion and persons of dignity went down to the common repast. In the middle of each table stood a large salt-cellar, and it was a mark of distinction whether a person sat above or below the salt. Particular care was taken to place the guests according to their rank.

◆

GOOD OR BAD FORTUNE is just as it is felt. Men in general appear no happier than their servants. We are not to look for contentment in palaces alone, but may as well find it in huts. A millionaire may be poor in the midst of plenty.

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DESPOTISM AND DEMOCRACY.—Despotism subjects a nation to one tyrant; democracy, to many.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE SOURCE OF OUR DAILY BREAD.

While giving politics due attention; while glorifying commerce and the enterprize which explores and peoples new territories; while exalting the mechanic arts and the artizan's skill, let us not forget the tribute which agriculture claims and merits from us all. The cultivation of the soil, whereby the common necessities of man are answered, is the noblest of human toils; peaceful, honest, and gloriously remunerating, it puts to shame the brutal occupation of the soldier, the chicane of politics, and the falsehood and craft which surround too many of our labor pursuits. After all the warring for conquest, and over all the more lauded arts and sciences, agriculture is the source to which the world must look for its daily bread—for that temporal sustenance, without which human existence would stop.

To agriculture, commerce and all enterprise owe the great measure of their being; from her are drawn the best elements of their life; and the honest peasant, tilling his wheat-fields and singing among his golden sheaves, little thinking of the fact, is an inspirer of the canvas that whitens the oceans, and the keels that furrow our inland waters. And, though a peasant, and brown-handed, he is a peer of the realm and a king of earth, if he but firmly grasp his sceptre and recognize his power. And he may be termed in all lore, wise and eloquent in the highest councils, and yet a peasant. What pursuit so favorable to study, to contemplation and sublime thought, as the tilling—the unbosoming of the Earth? Who should be a chemist, a botanist, a florist, a philosopher and a poet, more than the peasant tiller of the soil? His labor calls him to unlock the mysteries and learn the laws of nature. To him is given the Earth, seed-time and harvest, and the heavens bend over him with sure signs, whereby he may solve unnumbered problems.

Honor to all useful, honest toil! To the hand that wields the mining pick, the smithy hammer, the carpenter's mallet, the mason's trowel, or which heaves the shuttle and guides the spindle. But, most of all, honor to the hand that peacefully smites the soil, and, wizard-like, calls forth the comforts and luxuries of our common life. Proud may'st thou be, stout peasant, with thy vine-garlanded cottage, thy cribs full of corn, thy fields and orchards blooming with grain and fruit, thy herds and flocks dotting the hills and vallies, thy happy, innocent children, tripping the sward, merry and musical as the birds of summer. Who is rich, and who can be contented, if thou art not? Sad is your mistake, O, peasant, that you should murmur or repine. To you is given the empire of Earth, and your sovereignty may be as bright, as strong, and as beautiful as you shall choose to make it.

A GOOD WIFE.

Solomon asks, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies." The wise man does not here use virtue in the limited sense of chastity, but in its primal broadest sense of *the highest excellence in all respects*. And truly, in this sense, a virtuous woman is above all comparison with whatever is this side of Heaven; and he who has such a one for his wife, is supremely blessed. The husband of such a wife has insured to him that deep, full and holy affection which the heart of every man covets, and without which he never knows happiness on this earth. We all need faithful companionship, patient and loving counsel, and unwearied devotion; and where shall we find them, except in the love and wisdom of that dear angel of the fireside—the virtuous wife. Or who is skilful as she in knitting up the raveled web of expenditure? and in "gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost?" In the domestic economy, her minute regard permits no waste or extravagance, and the toiling husband is refreshed and supported by the consciousness that his wife regulates his family expenditures by his fair income, and is contented with her lot. But in the nurture, care and education of her children, does the good mother exhibit her most shining qualities, and there is nothing which gives a father more satisfaction than the conviction that in his wife's hands all his children's interests—physical, social, mental, moral, and spiritual—are safe; that she represents all his affections, and more than all his patience and care. "Who shall find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies. *The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.*"

THE NEW WORLD.

It is more than three centuries and a half since the Genoese discovery of this "New-World" hemisphere, and more than a century since its settlement was a considerable and prosperous thing. Within a century—and less—in the United States portion of the New World, the most remarkable change and growth have occurred of which human history is cognizant. A Republic, in territorial extent equal to half the kingdoms and principalities of Europe, combined, and in population inferior to only three nations of Europe, has sprung from the midst of wilderness, revolution, and the greatest physical obstacles, exerting to-day an influence upon the hopes and destinies of the human race without a parallel. The picture is too gigantic, even for those who are native to it, to realize in all its fulness, and to a people not in sympathy with it by habit and genius, it would seem rather an overpowering vision of distempered fancy, than a sober fact, palpable as the mountains that echo to our fiery rail-steeds; the valleys that bloom with our villages, factories, and farm-fields; and the "many waters" that bare their bosoms to our steam-driven keels.

Well saw that poet, when in the rapture of inspiration, casting his mind's eye over the New World, he says:

> "Westward the star of Empire takes its way."

The flight of the Eagles of Freedom from the Old World to the New, like the vision of the Cross to Constantine, was the dawn of a glorious era for man. The Star of Empire was in their path, and the stars of heaven above it. We wonder not that the Old World is staggered at the result—that she rejects the story of our triumph, and has her fancy full of wilderness and savageism when she thinks of us, for we have gone further in one century than she went in ten. She cannot comprehend the New World, for she has no parallel whereby to measure it. But we can comprehend it—can comprehend that man, unshackled, and free to do his thought, can exalt himself and his empire, as kings and warriors never dreamed. We can, also, bear to be misunderstood, sneered at, and scoffed at, when we feel and know that our strength and greatness are without rival.

What though the New World, of which our Republic is the soul, exhibits but poorly at a London show, it can and does exhibit, when the eye scans its length and breadth, taking in its spirit and condition, what all Europe cannot show—a nation of people, the most intelligent, prosperous and powerful on earth. A nation, whose youth is greater than the prime of the proudest States of the Old World, and whose promise of growth is as fair for ages to come as it has been for generations past. What, too, though the London *Times*, and *Punch*, speak lightly of the New World; they feel not so, and, long after they are forgotten, the Freedom they slurred and derided will bless all the wide-scattered races of men. We believe in "Manifest Destiny," and that the destiny of the New World is to influence and transform the governments and institutions of the whole globe.

AN AFFECTING CASE.

A young gentleman who says he lives in Culpepper county, Virginia, has recently met with experiences in New York which give him entirely new ideas in regard to the female character. He states that as he was crossing Washington Park, about ten o'clock one evening, he was accosted by "the loveliest girl he ever beheld," who told him that she had a dying mother at home, and begged him to hasten thither, and if possible help to save her poor parent's life. The young Culpepperian, overcome by the appeal, drew the supplicant's arm within his, and set out for the "scene of suffering." They had not gone far, however, when a stout and ferocious-looking man suddenly sprang upon them and exclaimed—"Ah! I *have* you *now*! *You're* a pretty miss, are'nt you? And *you*, you young rascal; *you're* the villain who has poisoned my home and broken my wife's heart! But I'll have *vengeance* now!" The girl sobbed and begged "her father" not to kill her, and also to spare "Harry" whom she loved dearer than her own life. The young gentleman was perfectly bewildered. He could only account for the condition in which he found himself on the hypothesis that in some oblivious moment, when in a state of intoxication, he had won the affections of the lovely girl by his side, and ruined the peace of a once happy family. He was recalled from his speculations on the subject by the gleam of a pistol barrel, the muzzle towards his brain. The "outraged father," with fierce imprecations, ordered him to prepare for "instant death." The girl implored her "inexorable parent" to relent, which at last he agreed to do on condition that the *infatuated* pair would agree never to see each other more. To this the young Virginian readily and fervently assented, whereat the devoted young lady seemed much pained; but after embracing him violently she walked away with a melancholy air. The "father" watched her until she disappeared, and then with a warning glance departed. As soon as the young man recovered from his astonishment, he felt for his watch to see the hour, but his watch had unaccountably disappeared, and so had his purse. *Then* the young gentleman from Culpepper county understood the whole matter.

WE HAVE OUR REWARD.

Men always get exactly what they bargain for; and so do women. Startling and paradoxical as this declaration may appear to the superficial mind, it is universally and inexorably true; and the only reason its truthfulness does not always appear, arises from the fact, that we do not sufficiently heed the inevitable connexion between a cause and its effects. When a hitherto respectable man commits a fraud, it probably does not occur to him that if he escape detection, his crime will forever eat into his happiness like a cancer; or, that if he be detected, his children will be vitally injured for life; but, nevertheless, one, or perhaps both, of these results enter into the transaction, and *are a part of the bargain*. Should a man deliberately commence gliding down an icy descent, terminating in a fearful abyss, and permit himself to go on until his momentum should exceed his powers of restraint, it would be absurd for his friends to characterize his plunge over the precipice as an *accident*; it would be an inevitable result of his own deliberate act. To make the matter still plainer: Suppose a man should deliberately throw himself head-foremost from the upper window of Trinity Church spire, would it be reasonable to speak of his inevitable death as an *accident?*

The same rules apply in ordinary life. The man who drinks and smokes, who sits talking in public saloons, who plays cards half the day, who spends his evening at the club-house or the theatre, is very apt to find himself in straitened circumstances when old age creeps on. And at this he grumbles, and curses his *ill luck*; whereas, in truth, he has got exactly what he bargained and played for; and so has his industrious, frugal, thriving neighbor, whose handsome house and general prosperity our superannuated idler covets and envies, and ascribes to *good* luck.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PEEPS AT PHILADELPHIA.

NUMBER THREE.

I wonder—I suppose a body may wonder—if the outward sweeping and garnishing one sees in Philadelphia is symbolical of its inward purity? If the calm placidity of its inhabitants covers up smouldering volcanoes? It is none of my business, as you say; for all that, the old proverb—"Still waters run deepest"—would occur to me, as I walked those lovely streets. An eye-witness to the constant verification of this truth, in the white-washed, saintly atmosphere of the city of Boston, may certainly be forgiven a doubt. Do the Philadelphia churches, like theirs, contain a sprinkling of those meek-faced Pharisees, who weary Heaven with their long prayers, and in the next breath blast their neighbor's character; who contribute large sums to be heard of men, and frown away from their doors their poverty-stricken relatives? Do those nun-like Philadelphia women ever gossip, "Caudle lecture" and pout? Do those correct-looking men know the taste of champaigne, and have they latch-keys? Are their Quaker habits pulled off, when they come "on business" to this seething Sodom? Or—is it true of them, as Mackay says of Lady Jane—

> "Her pulse is calm—milk-white her skin,
> She hath not blood enough to sin?"

It is none of my business, as you say; but still I know, that white raiment is worn alike by the rosy bride and the livid corpse.

Mischief take these microscopic spectacles of mine! mounted on my nose by the hypocrites I have known, who glide ever between my outstretched arms of love and those whom I would enfold. Avaunt! I like Philadelphia, and I like the Philadelphians, and I *will* believe in appearances once more before I die.

Like a cabinet picture in my memory, is lovely "Wisahickon;" with its tree-crowned summits—its velvety, star-blossomed mosses; its feathery ferns, and its sweet-breath'd wild flowers. If any one thinks an editor is not agreeable out of harness, let him enjoy it as I did, with Mr. Fry of "The New York Tribune," whose early love it was in boyhood. In such an Eden, listening to the low whisper of the shivering trees, the dreamy ripple of the wave, and the subdued hum of insect life—well might the delicate artistic ear of song be attuned.

But "Wisahickon" boasts other lions than Fry—in the shape (if I may use a Hibernicism) of a couple of live bears—black, soft, round, treacherous and cat-ty. To be gazed upon at a distance, spite of their chains—to shiver at, spite of their owner's assurance, as they came as far as their limits through the trees to look at us, "that they wouldn't do nothing to nobody." It would be a speculation for some Broadway druggist to buy that one who stood upon his hind legs, and taking a bottle of Sarsaparilla Soda in his trained fore-paws, drained it standing with the gusto of a connoisseur.

Not one beggar did I see in Philadelphia. After witnessing the squalor which contrasts so painfully with New York luxury and extravagance, this was an untold relief.

Philadelphia, too, has what we so much need here—comfortable, cleanly, convenient, *small* houses for mechanics; comprising the not-to-be computed luxury of a bath-room, and gas, at the attainable rent of seventy-five or a hundred dollars a-year. No house ever yet was built, broad enough, wide enough, and high enough, to contain two families. Wars will arise over the disputed territory of front and back stairs, which lawless childhood—bless its trustful nature—will persist in believing common ground. But apart from the cosy pleasure of having a little snuggery of one's own—where one may cry, or laugh, or sneeze, without asking leave—this subject in its *moral* aspect is well worth the attention of humane New York capitalists—and I trust we have such.

Fanny Fern.

WIDOW HAWTHORNE'S SOLILOQUY.

A love-letter for my daughter, Kitty! How ridiculous! It seems but yesterday since she had her first spanking. A love-letter for Kitty, and one for me by the same post. Well—either she is too old, or I am too young. It must be time I was feeling venerable; but how is a woman to feel venerable, who catches herself jumping down three stairs at a time? who never can lie a-bed a minute after sunrise, and who never feels tired, or cold, or solemn? How is a woman to feel venerable who likes a frolic better than a sermon? It is all nonsense. That feeling comes with grey hair, and my hair *wont* turn grey.

A love-letter for Kitty! Seems to me that the young folks of the present day are in a great hurry. I like young folks. What flowers are to a garden, they are to a house. Am I to have mine stripped at the pleasure of every youngster whose roving eye is caught? Am I to be left to a corner, a cat, and a snuff-box? Am I to hear no more bird-like caroling, up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber? Is there to be a cover for one only at my merry table? Are the sunny tresses I have curled and braided to flash back the sunlight in other homes? Have I sung lullaby, and watched the stars pale for this? What is the love of any man living, to a mother's—to mine?

Will she be dearer to *him* when she is sick and grieved, than when she is well and happy? Will he comfort her when she is sorrowful—laugh with her when she is merry—open wide his sheltering arms at her fancied terrors—and love her very faults? Or, will he pluck the pretty flower that I have reared, and place it in his breast only till the bloom and fragrance have fled? Transplant it to a hot-house soil, only to expose it suddenly and capriciously to the chilling blast? Ah! take away my merry Kitty's love-letter. Time enough yet. Time enough yet!

Fanny Fern.

CRIME IN CHINA.

Chiefly petty pilfering. The outlaws employed by the Chinese government to kidnap the British soldiers at Chusan committed all kinds of depredations in the neighborhood. They were warned off; but treated the warning with contempt. The popular indignation was roused; the ruffians were seized—put on board a boat, with stones tied about their necks—and dropped into the sea. Nothing was ever heard after of this affair. The Chinese law is theoretically excellent, but utterly disregarded in practice. The mandarin appears to have the power of life and death; and he certainly has the power to inflict any degree of torture—even such as may cause death. In order to get rid of the legal necessity of procuring the imperial assent before putting the criminal to death, blank forms of assent are kept to be filled up when wanted; and the condemned man is executed often before the court breaks up.

THE HARVEST FIELDS.

It is refreshing to catch even but a glimpse of the farm fields in this middle month of summer. The grasses are ripe for the mough, and the scythes of the mowers flash along the scented swaths, where the clover "nods to its fall," and casts its fragrance on all the air. And the grain grows golden for the reaper's sickle, and the vines shoot forth their green and purpling clusters, and the orchards swing their fruitage from myriad boughs, and the berry bushes bend with lusciousness, and all the hills and vales, and fields and gardens, are redolent of the bounty of nature and beneficence of God. O, the Earth is beautiful, clad in her harvest robes, with stores in her bosom and gardens on her brow. Man rejoices at her fulness—the birds sing to her, the brooks murmur her praises, the winds breathe of her, and a vast world of insect life chaunts her in a monotone that melts on the ear like liquid music.

Happy husbandman, whose life is uncramped by city walls and the foul atmosphere bred of gutters, and streets, and alleys. His is the larger, purer and nobler being. For him the seasons have significance; for him the heavens glow brighter by day and by night; for him are ministering angels on every side—beauties of blessings, more than eye can measure or tongue can count. Happy man, who can scent the roses and the lilies; who can pluck the cherry and the grape; who can sit under his own vine and fig-tree, and say in the midst of acres, "I am lord of the Earth." Whom shall he envy? With whom shall he sigh to exchange his lot? Living, God gives him bounties in return for his toil—the ships of the merchant may wreck; banks may break, scattering ruin in the paths of trade; all other professions may fail, but the well-tilled fields of the husbandman—never! To the end of days, seed-time and harvest are promised to him—promised by one who can fulfill. Let him be content. If he were to choose his destiny, he could not better it.

A LITERAL RUNAWAY MATCH.

A capital story is told by a Texas paper of a literal runaway match that recently came off in that State. It seems that a couple had resolved to get married, notwithstanding the opposition of parents and relatives, of every degree; and securing the co-operation of a friendly clergyman, they all three mounted their horses and set out for a friend's mansion, several miles distant, where the rites could be solemnized without interference. They had not gone far, however, before their flight was discovered, and then there was as much mounting and racing and chasing as occurred on the occasion of "Young Lochinvar's" celebrated elopement with the Netherby maiden. The lovers and their faithful pastor soon heard the noise of the approaching pursuers, and gave their horses the spur. But, alas! their enemies were better mounted, and gained fast upon them. It was evident they would soon be captured, when a felicitous inspiration of the maiden came to their aid. "Can't you marry us as we run?" she shouted to the clergyman. The idea "took," and the pastor at once commenced the ritual. Never was a marriage ceremony more vigorously pronounced. All parties "covered themselves with glory," and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle-rein, the clergy man pronounced the lovers man and wife. When the old gentleman first learned what had been done, he was inclined to be furious; but, being a gallant old fellow, and admiring a dashing action, he soon concluded to forgive the runaways, in consideration of the handsome and novel manner in which they had triumphed over him.

QUARRELLING.

Judging from the flood of letters which we are constantly receiving from correspondents, the whole world is involved in a never-ending series of quarrels. In one case, it is husband and wife who are at variance; in another, parent and child; in a third, brother and sister; in a fourth, a husband with his wife's relations; next, a wife with her husband's relatives; then, friends with friends; and last, everybody with somebody. And so the contemptible game goes on from day to day, and week to week, and year to year, in one unceasing round of aggression, vituperation, recrimination, and the rotary exhibition of all that is meanest and most despicable in human nature. Any man or woman who will *quarrel*, must have, in the nature of things, great capacity for meanness. A quarreller is both selfish and a fool. He exacts everything for himself, and don't know what his neighbor's rights are. He is a perpetual mule—the personification of assinine obstinacy. He is a skyrockety, fizzling numbscull. He is a silly, childish old granny. He ought to be dealt with. He should be flogged every morning with the prickliest briars, and rubbed down with vinegar of the intensest acidity. He ought to be served in the same manner at night, and then be made to sleep on raw thistles, of unspeakable rankness. And, to cap the climax of his just though terrible punishment, he should be deprived of his Ledger, and be *compelled* to read the *Daily Tribune*.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

Many years ago, when it was allowed to imprison men for debt in this State, an incorrigible fellow named Wainwright was confined in the jail of a neighboring city, at an expense to his creditors of seven shillings a week. After he had been in prison several months, Wainwright sent a note to every one of his creditors, informing them that he had hit upon a certain mode of liquidating their demands against him, and that if they would meet him at the jail at a certain time he would at once arrange matters to their satisfaction. This was pleasant news to the creditors, and at the appointed hour they were all assembled in the prisoner's cell. After a few preliminary observations Wainwright addressed his audience upon the main topic. "You are now expending seven shillings a week on my jail expenses," said he. "Now, what I propose is this: You let me out of this infernal place—give me only five shillings a week, and *let the other quarter go towards paying off the debt!*" The creditors at once compromised with the impudent rogue, by giving him a receipt in full of all demands to date.

TWO OPINIONS OF WOMEN.

We are heartily sick of this everlasting twaddle about "lovely woman," and about women's being *better* than men," and about their being entitled to "protection," and "kind consideration," and all that style of nonsense. Women who know their place and *keep* it, are well enough, and that is all that can be said in their favor.—*Exchange paper.*

The man who wrote the above paragraph must have been smarting under the consciousness of having ill-used his wife—of having squandered *her* fortune, and taken her hard-earned pence to buy the liquor which inspired the sentence. The truth is, women are better than men; they are more kind, charitable, loving and religious; they are more devoted to home, to parents and to children. Woman is the nourisher of man's infancy, the guide of his youth, the adoration of his young manhood, the joy of his maturity, and the solace of his declining years.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

At five years of age the father begins to rub the mother out of his child; at ten the school-master rubs out the father; at twenty the college rubs out the school-master; at twenty-five the world rubs out all its predecessors and gives us a new education till we are old enough and wise enough to take reason and religion for our pastors, when we employ the rest of our lives in unlearning what we have previously learned.

A Texas paper says that, in its vicinity, little fellows ten and twelve years of age carry bowie-knives. When babies get to cutting each other's throats, it would seem to be high time for grown people to join the peace society.

It is a melancholy spectacle when the heart grows black as the hair grows white and the faculties decay. It may truly be said of some old men that malignity sits and hoots amid the ruins of their intellect like an owl in a hollow tree.

Dreams may be defined as the visible visions to which we are awake in our sleep; the life of death; the sights seen by the blind; the sounds heard by the deaf; the language of the dumb; the sensations of the insensible.

An ill-natured correspondent of a neighboring paper says we have no shame. True, we have none, and he has none—he because he has lost his sense of shame, and we because we are careful to do nothing to be ashamed of.

"What would you be, dearest," said a gentleman to his sweetheart, "if I were to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary, sir."

A gentleman in a neighboring town set his dog the other day upon an intruder, and advertized the latter the next morning. It is hard to say whether his dog or his advertizement is the most biting.

It is perhaps a debatable question whether a person, who has always been notoriously in the habit of lying, has a right to tell the truth. It is, of course, the only device by which he can deceive people.

"I was hot at the moment," said a man when asked why he had committed an assault, "and so I struck the fellow." Percussion generally produces heat, but in this instance the heat produced the percussion.

Shakespeare has written that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Many a poor fellow, that has survived a scalping by the savages, has no doubt thought that uneasier lies the head that *doesn't* wear a crown.

A dull and voluminous European author has published what he calls "a tale of the Great Plague." To our mind all the tales of that author are tales of a great plague.

A contemporary wants to know whether fat men are not more kind and compassionate than lean ones. Perhaps they are as a general rule, but all bowels are not bowels of compassion.

"How much did your pig weigh?" said a man to his neighbor. "Oh, he didn't weigh so much as I expected, and I never thought he would."

A country contemporary boasts of having received a cap as a present. He omits to say whether the bells were attached to it.

Mr. Bean, of Yazoo county, Miss., was robbed on the night of the 25th ult. A footpad met him and said, "Your money or your life." Bean shelled out.

An English paper says that hides are exceedingly scarce in Great Britain. We sincerely hope that our British friends have one a piece.

It is a very foolish thing to burn people in effigy. It can do no harm but to the burners. It is, at best, but a scandalous waste of old clothes.

Competency is a sort of financial horizon which recedes as we advance. The word always signifies a little more than we possess.

A young fellow was recently found dead in our city. He had a pair of moustaches in his pocket. Many think that is the best place to carry them.

It has been truly said that we may be conductors of other men's lightning without giving forth a single spark ourselves.

A dram, generally speaking, is a small quantity taken in large quantities by those who have few grains of sobriety and no scruples of conscience.

A Mr. Dorr has declined a challenge in Missouri. He says he will "fight under no circumstances." He is no battle-dorr.

"Sir," said a woman to a loafer, "if you do not send home my husband's clothes, I will expose you." "If I do, I shall expose myself," was the cool reply.

A California paper records that a young wife, only sixteen years old, lately had four children at a birth. We wonder what she will do when she gets a little older.

If any lady chooses to be ill-natured toward us, we are disposed to say to her in bold defiance of consequences, that she is "no gentleman."

We believe that where religion has been the mother of wealth, the child has generally devoured the parent.

The gay attire of the coxcomb makes him a leaden rapier in a golden sheath, a cork-leg in a silk stocking.

An echo is the shadow of a sound, a voice without a mouth, a word without a tongue.

Economy is a pauper without a parish, whom no one will own or adopt unless compelled by necessity.

Some think that you have a perfect right to pick a painter's pocket, because he *pict-ures*.

Effects do not always result from *causes*, as many a poor lawyer knows to his cost.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Not long since a youthful couple, whose united ages might have been twenty-six years, entered the office of a magistrate in a neighboring city, and requested to be married "at once;" the "young lady" raising her hand aloft, and asseverating in the most solemn manner that she was "over fourteen." But the magistrate would not marry them, and soon the parents of the girl came rushing in to capture their daughter, who, they said, was only twelve years old. The magistrate sternly asked her how she dared declare she was over fourteen; whereupon the "young lady" stooped down, took off her shoe, and took therefrom a slip of paper, on which was written the word "fourteen," on the strength of which she had asseverated that she was "*over* fourteen." That girl had better be married as soon as possible.

A young man, who was recently hunting in the "Forty-mile Woods," between Plattsburg and Chateaugay, in this State, came suddenly upon a large black bear, which he fired at and wounded; whereupon the bear rushed upon him with terrible ferocity. The hunter drew his knife, and fought for life. After a fierce struggle, he succeeded in killing his ferocious enemy, but was himself severely wounded, and reached the highway with much difficulty.

A few mornings since several little boys were playing with fire-crackers in Tompkins Square. One of them unfortunately had half a pound of powder in his outside jacket pocket, tied in a piece of common brown paper. A fire-cracker that was thrown at him lodged and exploded in his pocket, and ignited the powder, the explosion of which tore open his side so dreadfully that he died in a few hours.

A thief was recently caught at Brussels who pretended to be dumb. At the suggestion of a physician present, chloroform was administered to the culprit, and as soon as consciousness was destroyed the rogue began to pour forth a copious stream of French. This may serve as a hint to our own authorities.

A sensation of horror was recently created in Europe by the publication of the fact that the Neapolitan Government had subjected to the most cruel tortures a beautiful girl only twelve years of age, because she would not expose the secret hiding places of her father and other patriots.

A lady riding on horseback through a sort of swamp or thicket some twenty miles from Nachitoches, Texas, was robbed and murdered by a gang of runaway negroes, who cut off her head and stuck it upon a stump by the road-side.

A young German, named Boehn, living in Greenwich-street, having been jilted by his sweetheart, went to her room, and, bidding her farewell, cut his throat and sank down at her feet, a corpse.

A few days since, a little girl that was playing on a vacant lot, near Bedford avenue, in Brooklyn, was attacked by a large hog, and bitten so severely that her life is despaired of.

A man in Wayne county, N. Y., is reported to raise such a large quantity of peppermint that he sells from $75,000 to $125,000 worth of the oil annually.

In one night last week thirteen men were either stabbed or had their heads broken by rowdies in this city, and five women were knocked down and brutally beaten.

THE OLD MAID.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Alas! alas! for the summers flown!
For the beautiful joys that I have known!

Oh, for the hours, sublime with youth!
Wo! for the ruined shrine of truth!

One eve my lover said to me,
In the murmurous shade of a garden-tree—

Holding my hand, and smoothing my hair,
Kissing my eyes, and my forehead fair—

All the sweets of all the hours—
All the birds and bees and flowers—

All the suns that ever shone—
All the winds that have ever blown—

All the dim seas that dreaming lie
Under the arch of the summer sky—

All the glorious morns that wake—
All the splendor of hues that break

On the starry coasts of the eve divine,
O'erflown with the sunset's purple wine—

Were never half, nor half so bright
As my own heart's Mabel is to-night!

So he talked, while the shadows fleet
Ran under the woods, and over the wheat.

Alas! alas! for the summers gone,
And the beautiful guise my youth put on!

Willie is married, and I am alone,
Counting my heart-breaks one by one.

Willie is married to Nellie Gray,
And I am alone in the world to-day:

The saddest thing that was ever born,
A drear old maid, forsaken, and lorn!

Two children frolic at Willie's knee,
And one, the fairest, he calls for me!

She has my girlhood's eyes and mouth,
But not the sorrow that stunned my youth!

Oh, Willie! when countless years have flown,
And God shall roll the sorrowful stone

From the grave of the dead past, and the light
Of His awful justice makes all things bright—

When starry crowned, and glorified,
We dwell in His presence side by side,

Where the flowers of the soul fade not away,—
Will you love *me* best, or Nellie Gray?

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," "The Missing Bride," "Retribution," etc.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST STRUGGLE.

> "One struggle more, and I am free
> From pangs that rend my heart in twain,
> One long, last sigh to love and thee,
> Then back to dreary life again." BYRON.

As soon as Susan had closed the door behind her, Lady Montressor dropped her face into her hands, and sigh after sigh, and groan after groan, burst from her overcharged bosom.

"Oh, Montressor! Oh! my lord! my dear lord! Oh, woe is me! that I must put far away from my parched lips this draught of joy that would be as the waters of life to my thirsting and famishing soul! Oh, woe is me, Lord Montressor, that I must deceive and wound your loving, trusting nature! that I must turn from the light, and life, and warmth you bring me, and bury myself alive in the darkness and coldness of this my living grave! for how long, great Heaven! for how long! I am so young—I shall live so many years! how shall I bear this living death, oh, spirits in Heaven, how shall I bear it! Will my heart break? Will my brain turn? Will death come and end my anguish? I cannot tell! I do not know! but better any fate! any suffering for me, than that reproach should come to your noble name, my lord! And after all—in my bitter, bitter cup—there is a single sweet drop! the thought that I suffer for you, my lord—that I suffer for you, even as I would die for you! Yet if I could see you but for one moment to-day! could feel my poor hand clasped in your dear hand for one instant! could meet one glance of your eyes—what life—what life would thrill again to my dying heart! Oh! heart be still! be strong! this must not be! we must not meet again! Oh, heart! learn the heroism of silent endurance!" While she thus lamented and struggled with herself there was a rap at the chamber door.

"Now I shall hear of him"—she said, as with a supreme effort she controlled her emotion, steadied her voice, and bade the rapper "Come in."

Barbara Brande opened the door and entered. But the traces of extreme suffering were still so strongly marked upon Lady Montressor's fine countenance that Barbara, instead of the smiling greeting she had been about to offer, started back in alarm, exclaiming,

"Good Heavens, Mrs. Estel, are you ill?"

"Yes—and no, Miss Brande! Come in and close the door, for I wish to speak with you—confidentially."

Barbara in perplexity obeyed.

"Draw your chair close beside me, if you please, Miss Brande, for I must speak low."

Barbara feeling more and more embarrassed, complied.

"Do you know, Miss Brande that I regret exceedingly not having given you my full confidence before leaving Baltimore?"

"I should have felt honored in your confidence, Madam," said Barbara with increasing surprise.

"At least you would have justified it, no doubt."

"I should not have been undeserving of your faith, Mrs. Estel."

"I am sure of it! But I am called by another name beside Estel."

"Madam!"

"Do not look, or speak in this way, my dear Miss Brande, or you will repel the confidence, I wish so much to give you," said Lady Montressor, in a voice, and with a look of such hopeless misery that Barbara's heart was touched, and she said, very gently—

"Speak, then, Madam; I will not be unworthy of your confidence! Your name you said was not Estel."

"No—I said that I was called by another name beside that. Estelle is *really* my name, else I should not certainly have called myself by it; but it is my baptismal—not my surname. I am known in the world as the Viscountess Montressor."

"The Viscountess Montressor! Good Heaven!" exclaimed Barbara, in amazement.

"And you did not suspect this?"

"No, Madam, by my sacred honor, I did not."

"And yet, he who conferred upon me his name and title, was your passenger to this place, landed here with you this morning?"

"That is very true, Madam. Lord Montressor engaged passage for himself and two servants, in my vessel, for Havana, and his lordship came ashore this morning for a day's sport in the woods—that is all I know! I am completely mystified, my lady," said Miss Brande, in augmented astonishment.

"Do you think, Miss Brande," inquired Lady Montressor, with a look of deep interest, "that his lordship knows or suspects the identity of the party to whom you have let your house?"

"I do not know, Madam, since it is not impossible that *he*, also, may have concealed something from me; but, I should judge from appearances that he knew nothing of your ladyship's presence in the neighborhood."

"Forgive the necessity that compels me to question you, Miss Brande, and pray tell me, did you ever mention to his lordship the name of the lessee of your property?"

"No, Madam, I never did."

"Then I will beseech you never to do it; for, if once Lord Montressor heard the name of 'Estel,' it would furnish him with the only clue he needs to my identity and retreat."

"Forgive me, in your turn, dear lady, but all this is very inexplicable!"

"Ah! it is so, indeed, to you! And I appear to invite your faith, without giving you my confidence! Is it not so? Well! I will explain! and you, if you will have patience, will hear a sorrowful story. But, first," said Lady Montressor, even in this anxious hour considerate of the convenience of others, "have you breakfasted?"

"Yes, Madam."

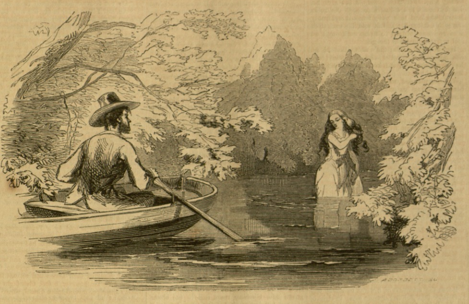
"And can you give me half an hour?"

"I am at Lady Montressor's service for half the day, if she will command me," said Barbara, who felt her heart painfully attracted to her interesting tenant.

"Listen, then, Miss Brande! Do you ever see the English papers?"

"Seldom, or never, my lady."

"Then you have seen no account of a wretched English woman of rank, who was struck in her pride of place—struck at her highest culmination of fortune and happiness—struck down, down, down, to a bottomless pit of black dishonor and despair! You have heard of no such woman?"



JULIUS LUXMORE'S FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE PRINCESS OF THE ISLE.

"No, no, no! Great Heaven, no!" exclaimed Barbara, shuddering.

"Look at her, then, Miss Brande! She stands before you," said Lady Montressor, rising, and fixing her eyes upon the shocked face of Barbara.

"No, no, no! Heaven of Heavens, no! You would not have been that guilty one, my lady!" exclaimed Barbara, covering her face with her hands, to shut out the sight of that pale and spectral countenance, and those gleaming black eyes, that seemed to consume those upon whom they looked.

"I said a *wretched*, not a guilty woman! Are wretchedness and guilt synonymous? If so, then, indeed, am I a very guilty, being a very wretched woman!" said Lady Montressor, in a thrilling, impassioned voice.

"Pardon me, my lady, if I have not understood you," replied Barbara, with emotion.

"How should you, indeed until you hear! Attend then, Miss Brande, and I will tell you my story," said the lady, sinking again into her seat.

And while Barbara Brande heard with painful interest, Lady Montressor related the tragic history of her two marriages, and ended by declaring the motives that had induced her to withdraw herself from Lord Montressor's knowledge.

Barbara listened with a face often streaming with tears, and when she had heard all, she took the lady's wasted hand and said—

"He weighs nothing in the balance of his love for you?"

"Nothing."

"Neither rank, nor wealth, nor fame?"

"No! alas, no!"

"He stood nobly by you in your trial?"

"He did! he did! my dear and honored lord! he did!"

"He followed you across the ocean?"

"Yes! yes!"

"And he is still in pursuit of you?"

"He is! Oh, he is!"

"Then Lady Montressor how can you still elude him? The man who claimed you, even had his claim been ever so just, is now no more; there is not the shadow of a reason why you should fly so faithful a friend as Lord Montressor has shown himself to be."

"His honor! Miss Brande. His honor should forbid him to mate with one so wretched as myself!"

"A man's honor, my lady, is, according to my judgment, in his own exclusive keeping! and can not be injured by anything but guilt or folly."

"But the honor of the woman, with whom Lord Montressor mates, should be like that of Cæsar's wife, 'not only pure but unsuspected,'" said the lady. "Therefore have I withdrawn myself from him and renounced his name! Therefore though my heart should break, my brain madden, or my life go down to death in the pain of this continued effort—will I conceal myself from his pursuit; until worn out with waiting and with searching, he shall at last repudiate and forget me!"

"And you can coolly resolve to drive him to that!" exclaimed Barbara.

"*Coolly?* Miss Brande? Oh, look at me and say if you think I do this coolly! No, no! no, no! but he must be constrained to have that fatal ceremony that passed between us at the parish church at Hyde, annulled by Parliament. And he must ally himself to some lady—his equal in position and of unblemished honor!"

"Lady Montressor! if I have read his lordship's character aright, he can never do that!"

"He can and must! he owes it to his family, to his position, to his rising fame!"

"Lady Montressor, you also are influenced by a worldly education! You have all the prejudices of caste! You think entirely too much of 'family,' 'position,' and 'fame,' more than Lord Montressor does by half! I tell you that next to *duty*, 'love is the greatest good in the world,' and Lord Montressor knows it! Oh, Madam! how can you disregard the great love he bears you?" said Barbara, pleadingly.

"*I* disregard it—oh, Heaven!" exclaimed the lady, growing paler than before.

"I see you do not really do so! I see the struggle in your mind! Oh, Madam, yield to your simpler and better nature! Make him and yourself happy! Come, let me send into the forest and bring him here to plead his own cause!" prayed Barbara, with earnest eloquence.

"Miss Brande! no! if you would not have me die before you—no! You do not know what you ask! You do not appreciate to how much of humiliation an alliance with me would subject him at home! You do not know England!"

"Then *what* can I do for you? And why have you uselessly harrowed me with this terrible story?" demanded Barbara, more in sorrow than in anger at what her simple, honest straightforward nature looked upon as the unnecessary self-torturing of a morbid fastidiousness.

"Not to distress you, needlessly, Miss Brande; but since Lord Montressor has not yet discovered the clue to my retreat, to beseech your assistance in still concealing it from him. And this assistance that I pray is only of a negative character, only your forbearance, only that you refrain from mentioning in his presence the name of your tenant. Miss Brande, will you oblige me in this matter?"

"I will be guided by your wishes, Lady Montressor."

"Another thing I must entreat! That you will never call me again 'Lady Montressor!' Nor think of me as the wife of Lord Montressor! It is a name and a position that I have renounced! Nay! that I am not even sure that I ever had a just right to wear! For, look you! when I left England the question of the legality of my childish marriage was still pending before the Spiritual Court of Arches. And law is such an uncertain thing, you know, that the decision of the bench of Bishops may have been different and quite opposite to that opinion advanced by the first lawyer of the day, Lord Dazzleright, who denied the validity of the first marriage, and affirmed the legality of the second. Therefore, you perceive that the only name to which I feel sure of possessing an unquestioned claim is that one bestowed upon me in baptism, and which marriage does not change—Estelle—call me Mrs. Estel!"

"I will do so since you wish it, Madam. May God comfort you and guide you through your very trying path! for I begin to see now that *in one respect* you are right," said Barbara, with earnestness, "for as long as there exists the slightest question of the perfect legality of that ceremony that passed between yourself and his lordship, you can as a Christian do no otherwise than reserve yourself—Baron Dazzleright and Parson Oldfield to the contrary notwithstanding. Upon this subject a pure-hearted woman's instinct is worth all the legal opinions and theological dogmas in the world. You are right, dear lady, and in your painful adherence to right I see the brightest hope of your coming years."

"Aye! of my life in another state of existence—and that seems to hearts—yearning hearts of flesh—so distant and so vague!"

"No! I spoke of your coming years in this world. 'Godliness is profitable unto all things—having the promise of the life that NOW IS as well as of that which is to come!' Wait patiently for the Lord—He can lift you out of this 'horrible pit' this 'miry clay' and set your 'feet upon a rock.'"

There was something in the strong, earnest, cheerful faith of this noble girl, who had herself received so terrible a shock, that cheered and strengthened and inspired the mourning woman to whom she spoke.

Estelle had always had strength to *suffer*—but now the cordial clasp of Barbara's hand—the earnest tones of her voice, the cheerful confidence of her promise—gave the sufferer strength to *hope*.

Feeling now that she would best serve Lady Montressor by withdrawing and leaving her to take repose or refreshment, Barbara, renewing her promises to keep Lord Montressor away from the house, took leave.

Estelle sank upon her knees beside the bed, and burying her face in the bed-clothes, prayed.

Presently Susan came in with breakfast, which she inferred that her lady would choose upon this morning to have served in her chamber.

At Susan's earnest entreaty, Lady Montressor compelled herself to swallow a little coffee and a morsel of bread and jelly, and then pushed the waiter from her sight, and turned away.

"Close the front door; keep the house dark and quiet. I will, after a while, go into the front parlor and sit by the window, where, without being seen, I may look out upon the sea," said the lady, as she dismissed her attendant.

What a long, weary, trying day!

Barbara Brande went over the house and over the grounds in consultation with Lady Montressor's maid, upon various matters relating to repairs and alterations that required their mutual care.

Lord Montressor, accompanied by little Edwy, and attended by his groom, with the dogs and guns, roamed far and wide through the woods behind the Headland.

Estelle, having locked the parlor doors, sat at the front window, and, shielded from outside view by the closed Venetian blinds, gazed through their slats, watching the sea coast, if haply she could catch one glimpse of the "one loved form." How long and patiently she sat and waited for that single transient moment of painful joy! As the day waned, and the sun declined, and the lights and shadows changed, she sank into a kneeling posture before the window, and, with her clasped hands resting upon its sill, and her chin leaned upon them, she continued to gaze through the bars out upon the darkening coast and upon the sea, still bright in the reflection of the last rays of the setting sun.

At length, just as she was beginning to fear that she should not see him before the evening grew too dark for her to identify his form, her patience was rewarded.

A party emerged from the woods off to her right, and foremost among them she recognized his well-known, commanding form, clothed in a hunting suit of green, with the game-bag at his side, the fowling-piece across his shoulder, and two pointers at his feet. Behind him came the boy, the old negro and the groom, all heavily laden with game. He paused upon the same spot, whereon in the morning he had parted with his shipmates, he paused and turned his fine face towards the house—towards the very window whereat she knelt and gazed!

Oh! could he but have known who watched behind those green blinds!—but evidently he knew not—suspected not the near proximity of her whom he so eagerly sought, and who at this very moment, from behind those blinds, gazed upon him in such passionate love and prayerful sorrow.

He called the old negro to his side, and selecting what seemed to be the best specimens from each bunch of game, tied them together, put them in the hands of Neptune, and pointed towards the house.

Old Neptune touched his hat, and turned to come up the hill.

And Lord Montressor continued his course down the steep, until he was lost to her sight.

Then her strength utterly gave way!

"It is over! it is over!" she cried and sank swooning to the floor.

When she recovered her consciousness it was quite dark—recollection slowly returned, bringing its accompaniment of anguish. She arose upon her elbow, passed her hand before her face to put away the trailing black tresses of her hair, and looked around.

The moonlight gleaming through the slats of the closed shutters was the only object that attracted her attention. She went and opened them and sank down on the floor with her head resting as before upon the window sill, gazing out at sea.

There on the moonlit waters, like some fair white-winged bird, floated the vessel that contained all she loved on earth. She could not choose but kneel there with her breaking heart, praying for him, gazing after him.

She was interrupted by a gentle rap at the door—not of the parlor, but of the chamber. She arose and feebly crossed both rooms, and laid her hand upon the latch just as the voice of Susan spoke softly—

"Are you awake, dear lady?"

For reply she opened the door and admitted her attendant.

"Dear Madam, how long and soundly you must have slept! Here I have been to the door three times since sunset, and found all quiet," said the girl, who had no suspicion that her mistress had lain an hour in a swoon.

As Lady Montressor made no comment, Susan said—

"Miss Brande is in the hall waiting to bid you good-bye, my lady, as she returns on board of her vessel to-night."

"Ask her to come in," said Estelle, in a voice so hollow that Susan started with the impression that it was the grave-yard spectre that spoke close to her ear.

Recovering her self-possession, she went out to obey, and soon returned bringing lights, and preceding Miss Brande. Susan sat the lights down, handed a chair to the visitor, and retired.

"You have seen him this evening, Miss Brande?"

"No, dear lady, I have not. He remained the forest until sunset, when he returned and went immediately on board of the ship. I have been on the premises here all day, and so have not seen him."

"I think we may be sure now that I am safe from discovery?"

"Yes, Madam, for he evinces no curiosity about my lady tenant, although, having been engaged in shooting through her woods, he has very properly sent her a fine bunch of game. Old Neptune brought it."

As Barbara had only come to say "Good-bye," and as she was in haste to return to her vessel, she took leave of Lady Montressor, and with sincere prayers for her consolation and happiness prepared to depart. She had not gone many steps from the room, however, before the plaintive voice of the lady recalled her.

"Miss Brande, forgive me, but at what hour do you sail?"

"At sunrise, to-morrow morning, Madam."

"Thank you. May Heaven send you a happy voyage."

"And you—peace and consolation, lady."

So they parted.

That evening, Lady Montressor, scarcely having tasted her supper, soon dismissed her attendant, and closed herself up in her two rooms. And when the house was still, she went and sat at the window, looking out at sea, and watching the white sails of the vessel that bore within its bulwarks her beloved. Hour after hour she sat there, until the moon sank below the horizon, leaving the earth and sea in utter darkness.

Then she arose and paced the floor of that desolate room, hour after hour, until the dawn of morning faintly appeared in the east.

Then again she seated herself at the window and with her head resting heavily upon her hand, she watched until the brightening day once more, for a few moments, gave the sails of the departing vessel to her longing eyes.

And she watched that vessel,—treasuring every moment that she might yet behold it—as we watch a beloved and dying face that we feel must soon vanish from our sight forever.

She watched it until she saw the sails shaken out of their reefs, and other sails hoisted, and all draw and fill with the wind as the Petrel left her anchorage and glided gracefully over the waters in her course down the Bay.

She watched it as the sails lessened in the distance, she watched it out of sight—straining her eyes after it until the Petrel appeared no larger than a snow-flake on the blue sea against the horizon, into which it soon seemed to melt and disappear.

It was gone! *He* was gone!

Yet still she did not change her attitude or withdraw her gaze; but remained with her strained eyes fixed upon the spot under the horizon where the sail had disappeared!

It was very late in the forenoon, and Susan had paid many visits to her lady's chamber door to listen if she could hear her stir, and had even rapped once or twice to attract her notice;—when at length growing uneasy, she gently opened the door and looked in; seeing the bed unoccupied she became alarmed, entered the room and passed on to the parlor, where, at the front window, she saw her mistress sitting quite still, leaning her forehead against the window pane, and apparently gazing out upon the Bay.

"Why, dear Madam, how indiscreet! Have you been up all night?" inquired Susan, anxiously approaching the lady.

But the stationary figure neither spoke nor moved.

"Lady! Lady Montressor!" exclaimed the girl, going closer to her side.

But no word or gesture responded to that call.

"She has fallen asleep sitting there—she will get cold; she must be waked. Lady! Lady! dear Lady!" exclaimed Susan, taking the hand that hung down by her side.

But that hand was a hand of ice.

"Good angels, how cold she is! Madam! dear Mistress! Oh, Heavens! what ails her?" cried the girl, putting her arms gently and respectfully around the lady's shoulders, and seeking to lift her head.

At that touch the sufferer murmured strangely, wildly, vaguely.

"What is the matter? Dear lady what is this?" said Susan in great distress.

"Gone! gone! gone!" exclaimed Estelle, in a hollow, echoing voice.

"Oh! you have been asleep—rouse yourself, dear lady! Wake up!"

"Gone! gone! gone!"

"Oh, Heaven! what ails her? What shall I do with her? Lady Montressor! speak to me! look on me! it is I—your poor, faithful Susan! Speak to me please!"

"Gone! gone! gone!"

Once more Susan put her arms reverently around her mistress's shoulders and sought to lift her head.

And at that touch the lady turned towards her a death-like face, from which every shade of color had faded, and vacant eyes whence the light of intellect had gone out!

Yes! the heroic soul that had borne up so long, and bravely, and patiently, under such tremendous afflictions, had succumbed at length; the sorely over-tasked heart and brain had yielded; the light of reason had fled.

Meanwhile Lord Montressor, on board the Petrel, pursued his voyage to the West Indies. And, reader, this was well—this was best!

CHAPTER XXII.

JULIUS LUXMORE.

> "The gallant's form was middle size;
> For feat of strength, or exercise,
> Shaped in proportion fair;
> And hazel was his eagle eye,
> And auburn of the darkest dye,
> His short curl'd beard and hair.
> Light was his footstep in the dance,
> And firm his stirrup in the lists;
> And oh! he had that merry glance
> That seldom lady's heart resists." SCOTT.

It is about time that we should look up Mr. Julius Luxmore, whom we have too long left to his "own devices."

It will be recollected that after his rescue from death among the waves, the first thought that arose in the mind of that ingenious young gentleman was not the religious emotion of gratitude to Divine Providence for his almost miraculous preservation; but, on the contrary, the wicked impulse of suppressing his real name and giving a fictitious one.

For this act he had, as it was afterwards discovered, a very strong motive.

Julius Luxmore, from his earliest youth, had been the subject of one grand passion—the love of money. How to make the largest possible fortune in the least possible time was to him the constant subject of study. The love of money, as the love of any particular object of pursuit, is accompanied with an instinctive knowledge of the readiest road to its acquirement.

As early as his twelfth year commerce suggested itself to the intelligent lad as the quickest means by which to gain wealth.

Thus, when in his fourteenth year, he was left a destitute and irresponsible orphan, without a near relative in the world, and with only one decent suit of clothes, and one guinea in his pocket, he applied to his neighbor, old Captain Brande, and was engaged as cabin-boy on board the Mercury.

It was on this first voyage that he became acquainted with Barbara, the skipper's little daughter and constant companion.

Captain Brande was very kind to the fatherless and motherless lad who had sought his protection, and Barbara, to whom orphanage seemed the most appalling of all calamities, treated the boy as a dear brother.

It was the old skipper's delight, in his leisure moments, to instruct these children not only in the various branches of a common school education, but also in the science of navigation, and in the art of seamanship—and even in the long night watches he used sometimes, without too much taxing their hours of sleep, to teach them the names of the constellations and the stars.

He encouraged a generous spirit of emulation between the boy and girl, who could never in any one acquirement be quite equal; for Julius possessed the greater physical power, and Barbara the quicker intellect; therefore Julius excelled in the *practice*, and Barbara in the *theory* of working the ship. But the old skipper was not content that this should remain just so—and in giving his lessons he stimulated the mind of the boy to a greater activity; and in directing the firm little hand of the girl, he encouraged her to lay out her full strength upon the ropes.

This constant companionship of the youth and maiden was likely to result in one of two things—mutual dislike or mutual affection—it eventuated in the latter.

Their ship was bound to London. And on arriving at that port, Julius cast about in his mind the problem—how to invest his precious guinea to such advantage as finally to turn it into two guineas—*for* to double his money in every speculation was with the sanguine lad a fundamental principle of financiering.

An accident assisted him—accidents *always* assist those who are sufficiently in earnest.

One day, in strolling along the narrow streets of Liverpool, he came to an auction where the goods of a dealer in Sheffield cutlery were in process of sale. He stood awhile and watched the bidding, and then with his five dollars bought about twenty dollars' worth of morocco cases, each containing steel scissors, tweezers, penknife, bodkin, needle-case, thimble, netting and tatting shuttle, knitting-needles, and, in short, every possibly needful accessory of a lady's work-box. Having secured his prize, he took it on board the ship, where he concealed it until he got an opportunity of sewing it up in his mattress—for Julius had not the slightest intention of permitting the Custom-house to share his profits.

On reaching Baltimore, these twenty cases, worth in England a dollar a piece, were easily retailed by the boy for two dollars. So that, in his very first venture, from an investment of five dollars he had cleared thirty-five, or seven hundred per cent! Why, the thought almost took his breath! At this rate he should speedily make a fortune!

But Julius had to learn that, with all its advantages, commerce is a very uncertain vocation—that its great gains are often counter-balanced by as great losses. His next venture was not quite so lucky.

This first voyage of Julius was also the last one which Barbara accompanied her father. Her mother's declining health and subsequent death rendered it necessary that this eldest child should remain at home to take charge of the younger ones.

But Julius went to the West Indies with the skipper, and from that time accompanied him on all his voyages, and in a few years rose from the position of cabin-boy to that of mate.

His home on shore was always at the Headland, where Barbara received him with a sister's warm affection.

As the years passed, the youth and maiden grew in strength and beauty, and in mutual love.

Julius, notwithstanding the fluctuating nature of his business, had increased in riches, and was worth several thousand dollars upon the day when he first asked the hand of Barbara from her father.

Old Captain Brande gladly consented to a betrothal, with this stipulation—that the marriage should not be consummated until the end of the voyage upon which they were then bound—and after which the mate, as Captain Luxmore, should have the command of the vessel, and the hand of the retired master's daughter.

Alas! we know how that promising voyage ended—in the wreck of the Mercury, with the loss of all on board, except Julius Luxmore, who brought from the waves one wild hope connected with one wicked purpose. The circumstances in which he found himself placed on his restoration to life, formed the first terrible temptation to his integrity.

He saw himself the sole survivor of a shipwrecked crew, with none to identify his person. He found himself left guardian to a young girl of almost fabulous beauty and immense wealth, who had always lived a life of utter seclusion, on a lovely sea-girt island—her own patrimony—and having no companions, except a half-crazy old man in his ninetieth year, and a troupe of negro slaves, that, like the fair island, was her own inheritance.

"Princess," she had been called by her mad old uncle, but was *that* so mad a term, as applied to her, after all? Little Island Queen was she, rather—for, would not all the land, from its centre to its sea-washed shores, and all the people on it, belong absolutely to her?—to her, not only for government, but for bargain and sale, if she should will it? Truly, she would be "monarch of all she surveyed," and not with a limited, but with an absolute monarchy!

And this beautiful little millionaire, this little queen of eleven years of age, would, in four or five years, be legally marriageable.

What a rich prize would she be! It almost took the breath of the ambitious and avaricious young man to think of it!

He reflected. To wait five years, and then to marry her, would be the quickest, easiest, and surest way of securing an immense fortune. This lovely little Etoile—this radiant star of the sea—this young "Island Princess" had, as it appeared, never left her beautiful, solitary, sea-girt home, and had never seen any other human creatures than her mad old uncle and her negro or mulatto slaves. Good! He resolved that she should never see any other person, except himself—Julius Luxmore. He was quite conscious of possessing a handsome face and figure, with great powers of pleasing, and he determined to use his advantages to attach her affections to himself—and if that eventually failed, to use his power as her sole guardian to bring about a marriage with her, before he would ever consent to take her from the lone Isle.

To this plan her doting, old uncle could be no hindrance, as its consummation belonged to future years, while a few weeks or months must naturally terminate the life of a man of ninety, who had already fallen into second childhood. But it might be well to conciliate even this old lunatic, and to do this Julius Luxmore resolved.

There was one serious trouble in his way; it was not an obstacle, for Julius resolved that it should not be such; but it was a grief. It was the thought of Barbara Brande, whom, notwithstanding all his selfish ambition, he still loved—the thought of Barbara in her awful bereavement—of Barbara, the noble and true-hearted, now crushed down under an overwhelming weight of sorrow—and whom he should rather hasten to raise up, support and console—than deceive, betray and abandon—the thought of Barbara that would *not* be banished, but that made his heart intensely ache. For he was not old in sin, or hardened in guilt, this Julius Luxmore!—his ruling passion had been powerfully tempted and had betrayed his integrity; he had sold his soul to the fiend and was resolved to do his work—that was all! and truly that was enough.

He knew that to Barbara's noble, truthful and confiding nature the belief in his death would bring less of anguish than the knowledge of his falsehood—falsehood, the perfidy of which was so extremely aggravated under the circumstances of her tremendous calamities. He determined to permit Barbara to believe him dead; and for this reason, gave a fictitious name, instead of his own.

It is true, he felt that this fraud might be discovered; but if it should be, he was resolved to shift all the responsibility upon others, by affirming that *they* had made a mistake in the name.

And to defer as long as possible any chance of being identified as Julius Luxmore, late mate of Captain Brande, he had, immediately on reaching the port of Baltimore, slipped out of sight and concealed himself.

He made his way to New York and thence took a vessel bound down the coast. He landed at Norfolk—there purchased a small, clean schooner, and having manned it with negroes, set sail for the East, or Orient Isle.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ETOILE L'ORIENT.

> "She was all lightness, life and glee!
> One of the shapes we seem
> To meet in visions of the night;
> But should they greet our waking sight,
> Imagine that we dream!" George Hill.

It was the afternoon of a warm, refulgent day in October that Julius Luxmore came in sight of the loveliest of Isles. It lay like some jewel of rich mosaic on the heaving bosom of the bay. The girdle of woods, that skirted its shores were just beginning to turn, and on the northern and western side were tinged with a ruddy, crimson color; the low descending sun, striking full upon this hue kindled it up into a flame-like refulgence,—a glorious, indestructive conflagration! Contrasting with this was the green of the grass and shrubberies in the interior of the Isle, that still retained its spring-like verdure. Central in this oasis of verdancy and bloom stood the white buildings of the Island mansion and out-houses.

In his ignorance of the usual landing place, Julius Luxmore could not decide towards which point of the Island beach to direct his course. At length, however, he determined to come to anchor and go out in his little skiff to reconnoitre the coast and perhaps to make his first visit to the mansion house. He accordingly gave orders to drop the anchor, and to let down the skiff. And when these commands were fulfilled, having made a careful toilet, he entered the little boat, and alone, with his single oar, struck out towards the Isle.

On a nearer approach this gem of the sea grew, if possible, still brighter and more beautiful. The calm repose and crystal clearness of the water that kissed its shores, reflected as in a mirror the rich refulgent foliage that girdled them. Julius Luxmore pushed his boat up close under the overhanging branches, and so in the deep refreshing shadows, proceeded to row around the Isle in search of some convenient landing-place.

Presently he came to a tiny rock-bound inlet of pellucid depth, that might have been the grotto of the Naiade Queen, or the bath of beautv for all the sea-nymphs.

And, oh, Orpheus! what sounds are these that break the silence like the shiver of a thousand silver bells?

It is a voice of entrancing melody—a sweet, rich, elastic, bird-like voice, carolling a jubillant, exultant air, the words of which are lost in the rapture of the notes!

To enjoy this delightful song without disturbing the singer, Julius Luxmore pushed his boat up under the shelter of an overhanging alder tree, where he remained concealed in the deep obscurity.

Presently the song ceased, and the cessation was accompanied by the sound of a plunge into the still water of the inlet.

He peered out from his hiding-place, but for a few moments saw nothing except the widening circle of ripples where the water had been disturbed—and then—oh, Amphitrite, and all the Naiades! What was it? Was it a mermaid or was it a mortal?

The face and head of a beautiful girl of that sweet age between childhood and womanhood, yet nearer childhood, appeared above the surface. This fair creature was clad in a long flowing white garment that completely veiled her perfect form as she floated gracefully about, disporting herself in the bright pellucid water. Julius Luxmore dared scarcely breathe, lest he should dissolve the lovely vision from which he could not withdraw his fascinated gaze. As she swam or dived, or reared her radiant head with its golden hair all spangled with the diamond dew that sparkled in the slanting sun rays, she still sang snatches of a wild, gay air, though in a somewhat lower key, as though her sportive evolutions in the water, carried off some portion of the overflowing life that had at first inspired her song. So she continued to sport and sing—sometimes diving to the bottom and bringing up hands full of the pearl-like pebbles that she threw high into the sky to see them fall a mimic hailstorm into the calm water that then leaped up in a thousand rainbow sparkles!—sometimes swimming joyously on to the mouth of the fairy inlet, and whirling around and hurrying back, lashing the water with her white arms in a whimsical affectation of terror; and sometimes with bosom level and head only slightly raised, floating upon the surface as idly and lightly as a lotus leaf, until the sun went down.

"That is my Princess of the Isle!—that is my Star of the Sea!—as poor Victoire called her! It can be no other!" said Julius Luxmore, gazing in a sort of ecstacy of anticipated possession on the bewitching creature.

"Ah, Barbara, Barbara! even you would scarcely blame me for being dazzled by such a prize!" he continued, devouring this beauteous vision with his eyes.

At this moment a voice was heard from the Island ——

"Etoile! Etoile! my Pearl!"

"Here, Maman, here!" responded the clear silvery tones of the swimmer.

And at her voice, a handsome quadroon woman, middle-aged, and neatly dressed, emerged from the bushes overhanging the spot, and came cautiously down to the brink of the inlet.

As she appeared, the little maiden came out of the water, laughing, and wringing her dripping hair.

"Little Nereide!" said the nurse, fondly holding out her hand to assist her in the ascent of the bank.

"No! unless you mean the Queen of the Nereides!—Amphitrite, if you will, nothing less!" laughed the maiden, as she joined her nurse, and both disappeared among the trees.

"Was ever anything out of Heaven so wondrous beautiful! And is that exquisite creature, at some day or other, to be mine, my own? Upon my life and conscience it may be so, for I see nothing to prevent it! Come! even if to wait five years for her, were not the quickest, easiest, and surest way of securing an immense fortune, it would still be well worth while to wait to secure such a pearl as herself alone!" mused Julius Luxmore, as he came out of his retreat, and pushed his boat onward on his exploration of the Island shores.

After making about three quarters of the whole circuit, he came to the regular landing place with its neat little pier, the protective railings and the steps of which were painted green and white.

Here he moored his boat and paused to consider the propriety of, at that late hour, presenting himself at the Island mansion.

The sun had set; but the reflection of his last rays still flushed with crimson all the western horizon, while the orient was bathed in golden glory with the beams of the risen full moon. Under the two lights the lovely Island lay like a scene of enchantment. Lamps gleamed from the lower windows of the white fronted mansion.

Upon the whole Julius Luxmore could not resist the temptation to go forward. He looked critically at his own dress. In view of this possible visit he had, before leaving the vessel, carefully arranged his toilet; and now upon examination he found that it had contracted no soil, nor in any other way had it become disarranged.

He stepped out of his boat, went up the steps to the pier and walked onward under the tall branches of the trees, that met over his head, up the long avenue leading to the house, until at last he reached a terrace crowned with a trellis, thickly overgrown with climbing roses, still in full bloom. He had but just reached this spot and noted a graceful, golden haired, white robed female form leaning over the trellis of roses, when he was suddenly struck and thrown down beneath an overwhelming weight, to find himself in the powerful grasp of a huge bull-dog, who had fastened his jaws firmly on his shoulder. Tightly as the beast held him it was with a certain wise and merciful reserve of his fangs, for though his strong teeth clenched they did not penetrate the broadcloth of the coat, far less the skin of the man. Yet Julius Luxmore felt certain that at the first struggle to escape those fearful fangs would be buried deeply in his flesh and crimsoned with his blood.

All this passed in a single instant of time, for, "in the twinkling of an eye," the white-robed female figure, whom Luxmore had recognized as Etoile, darted down the terrace, and threw herself upon the great brute, half-caressingly and half-rebukingly, and said—

"Why, Dragon! how dare you, sir? What ails you? Let go, this moment!"

But the huge beast, without relaxing his hold, rolled his bloodshot eyes up towards his little mistress, and growled a remonstrance.

"What, sir! you will not obey?" exclaimed the little girl, taking hold of his ears, and shaking his head. The dog released the prisoner, but growled a very decided difference of opinion with his mistress upon this subject of setting the stranger at liberty. Julius Luxmore, who had at all hazards struggled to rise, now sprang to his feet, bowed, and was about to deliver the neat salutation he had improvised for the occasion, when Etoile interrupted him by saying, with inimitable grace and simplicity—

"Stranger, I am very sorry that Dragon should have behaved so rudely; I pray you to forgive him; he is not naturally wicked, and must have been very unwell to have acted in such a surly manner to a visitor. I hope you will think no more of it, sir but do us the pleasure to walk into the house."

"I thank you, young lady," said Julius Luxmore, with a bow, "I am here to see Mr. De L'Ile, if he can be spoken with."

"Yes, sir! and your name is——?"

"Julius Luxmore."

The little girl raised a small silver whistle that hung at her side, and blew a clear, sweet blast, that presently brought a mulatto page to her presence.

"Go to your master, Frivole, and say that a gentleman of the name of Luxmore has arrived, and desires an interview with him," she said.

The boy bowed low, and went to obey.

"Excuse me, young lady," said Mr. Luxmore, with a waive of his hand, as he left the side of Etoile, and stepped after the page to say, "Tell your master that Mr. Luxmore brings him news of his niece and nephew, Madame L'Orient and Monsieur Victoire."

Again the boy bowed, and then hurried onward towards the house to do his errand.

Mr. Luxmore returned to the side of the little maiden.

"What a paradise is this home of yours, young lady," he said, in a tone of sincere admiration.

"Oh! do you find it so? I am very glad you like it; but it is very strange you should!"

"You think it strange that I should like this charming spot!" exclaimed Luxmore, in genuine surprise.

"Do you find it charming also? How curious!"

"Why, yes! Do not *you* think it charming?"

"Oh, certainly, *I* do! but you perceive I know nothing better than this! But it is very strange that *you* should find the Isle so charming?"

"But why?"

"Oh! because *you* came from the beautiful world beyond!" said Etoile, with a sigh of aspiration.

"Ah! and you think the world beyond so beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I think it is!"

"Again—why?"

"Oh, because I know it!—it is a beautiful! a glorious! an enchanting world, beyond these seas!"

"But how do you know it, my little angel?"

"Oh, sir! I can see from here its lovely shores! vaguely, indeed; but still, I *can* see them, and can judge what their celestial beauty on a nearer view must be!"

"Whe-ew! ''Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' and 'hills are green far away,' say the poets and the sages; and here is a little fairy living in fairy land, who thinks all beauty, poetry, and delight resides in the work-a-day world 'beyond these seas,' as she calls it!" thought Mr. Luxmore, as he stood contemplating the fervent, enthusiastic little creature before him.

"And you have never been to the world beyond?"

"Never, sir! They say I came from that lovely world, but it is so long ago I do not remember it."

"I suspect you came not from the world *beyond*, but from the world *above*, fair seraph!" said Mr. Luxmore, with an attempt at flattery.

But his little companion was far too unschooled in worldliness to understand or appreciate the compliment, and she answered, simply,—

"I do not recollect, sir! I wish, indeed, that I did remember the lovely world whence I came!"

"And you have never had an opportunity of reviving your recollections, even by a visit to the mainland?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

"Do you ever see persons from those shores!"

"Ah, sir! I have never in my life seen but *two* persons from the world beyond—and they were both so beautiful! just like the shores whence they came; but like nobody at all on this Island!"

"And who were those angels, or demi-gods, in human form, young lady?" inquired Julius Luxmore, as a pang of jealousy shot through his heart.

"Oh, sir! *one* was Barbara Brande. She came to see me once after my grandmere, Madame L'Orient, went away. Oh! Barbara was something better than anything I had ever seen before! She reminded me of a chieftainess such as I have read of in history—I do not mean of a common-place queen, but of a warrior queen—a leader of armies, a Boadecea, a Zenobia, a Semiramis! Her eyes were the eyes of a goddess—so full, and clear, and commanding! Are all women in your world beyond like Barbara Brande, do you know?"

Julius was thinking of that Barbara, that grand girl, whom the graphic description of Etoile had conjured in all her noble beauty before him, and he did not reply until the little maiden had repeated her question, then he answered—

"Probably not. There are very few anywhere who would answer to your description of Miss Brande."

"Oh! but I would like to see her again!"

"Has Miss Brande been to see you often? Is she in the habit of coming?" inquired Julius, very uneasily; for there could scarcely be conceived an event more threatening to his projects than a visit from Barbara Brande to the island.

"Oh, no! oh, no! She was never here but once—that was two years ago, directly after my grandmere departed!"

"Do you know why she never came again?"

"Oh, I think so! My uncle discourages visitors from the world beyond!"

"And he is quite right," thought Julius Luxmore to himself.

But Etoile looked pensive.

"Well, fair one! you spoke of *two* very handsome visitors—the only persons from the main you had ever seen!—*one* was Miss Brande! Now I have a curiosity to know who was the *other?*"

"Why, do you not know?"

"No, indeed!"

"And can you not guess?"

"Not I!"

"Well, then, of course it was *yourself*, stranger! Who else, indeed, could it possibly have been?"

"Well, if that is not a sincere piece of flattery, I do not know what else it should be called!" said Julius Luxmore to himself.

"Ah! I do wish to go on the beautiful main!" sighed Etoile.

"But you have not yet told me, fair child, how—since you have never been near the main—you know it to be so beautiful?"

"Oh, sir, you forget! I did! I told you that I saw both shores—dimly, it is true, but I saw them! There is the coast that I call the sunrise shore!—its beach looks like glistening silver! the verdure on its higher swells of land like shining emeralds! and over all the morning sun diffuses a rich, roseate glow! Oh! it is so beautiful even from this distance! and how much more so it must be from a nearer view."

"Whe—ew! the coast of Accommac! a flat reach of sand varied only by starved grass and stunted evergreens! But I suppose the atmospheric magic throws a charm over even that desolate shore," thought Julius Luxmore, watching with interest the young enthusiast who ignorant of his secret comments—continued in her strain of sincere, though erring admiration.

"And then there is the opposite coast that that I call the sunset shore! and that is a thousand times richer, more varied and more beautiful than the other! At different seasons, on different days, and even at different hours, its aspect changes, and each change is lovely or magnificent. Sometimes it looks like a shore of gold, when the refulgent light of sunset glances athwart its sands—sometimes the hues are of amethyst, sometimes of emerald, then of ruby, but always is the color of the coast varied with the ever changing, ever glorious sunset sky above it!"

Even in that pale moonlight, he could see her eyes kindle and glow, as she spoke. And while he listened and gazed in growing admiration of this fair creature, so beautiful, so refined, so cultivated, yet so entirely inexperienced and simple, the boy Frivole re-appeared upon the terrace and announced that his master was now ready to give audience to Mr. Luxmore.

"That is well!" said Etoile who had had some doubts upon the subject of the stranger's reception by the reserved old man. "That is well, and I am glad."

"This way, please sir!" said Frivole, as he bowed and led the way across the rose terrace, and up the granite steps, through the front portico of the mansion.

"My master is in his library," he continued, as he preceded the visitor down the central hall, until he arrived at the second door on the right hand.

"Mr. Luxmore!" he then announced, ushering in the visitor.

Julius found himself in a plain, medium-sized apartment, having two back windows. The simple furniture consisted of a straw matting on the floor, straw-bottomed chairs ranged along the walls, window-blinds and fire-screen of painted canvas, a single mahogany centre-table, and one arm-chair beside it in which sat Monsieur Henri De L'Ile, otherwise, his Majesty the King of the Island, who now arose and stood in an attitude of gracious dignity to receive the "Ambassador."

Mr. Julius Luxmore gave one quick, comprehensive glance at this potentate.

The Island King had aged much since we last heard of him. His venerable face, surrounded by its circle of snow-white hair and beard, was bleached and sunken, his imposing form was feeble and bowed; his dress was still studiously neat, and even elegant, though in the style of the last century—consisting of a somewhat faded mazarine blue velvet coat, white satin vest, white doe-skin small clothes, white silk hose, black pumps and diamond shoe-buckles. He stood with his right hand resting upon the table, and his left hand open and waved—in an attitude and with an expression that in a real king might have been called royal courtesy, but that in Monsieur Henri De L'Ile, was something indescribable.

Mr. Julius Luxmore found himself in a dilemma, as to the manner in which he should address this anomalous personage. Firstly, it was vitally important that this potentate should not be offended—secondly, that he should be conciliated! How should Mr. Julius Luxmore avoid the first and effect the last? In truth this was a serious difficulty—for should the lunatic happen to be enjoying a lucid interval it would be insulting to address him as "Sire," or "Your Majesty," whereas, should he on the other hand chance to be still under the influence of his monomania it would be treason and destruction to address him as Monsieur De L'Ile. Meanwhile he filled up the swiftly passing moments, by slowly advancing and lowly bowing. And when he could draw no nearer he came to a stand and bowed in silence, hoping that some word or gesture on the part of his host would furnish him with the cue.

Not so—for the manner of Monsieur De L'Ile or His Majesty might equally have been the patient politeness of a prince or of a private gentleman.

Julius, was almost in despair, while the necessity of speaking was imminent—he bowed for the last time and commenced—

"I have the honor of addressing ——" Here he paused, not daring to add either—"Mr. De L'Ile", or "His Majesty the King of the Isles," but waited, hat in hand, for the other party to come to his aid.

The other party did nothing of the sort, but merely nodded courteously, and waited his further words.

Upon the whole, Julius decided not to take up and complete his unfinished sentence, and "shirked" the difficulty by saying—

"I have the honor, sir, of being the custodian of certain documents entrusted to my care by Monsieur, the late Victoire L'Orient."

"The 'late!' Mon Dieu! the 'late!' And is the prince, my nephew, dead then?" exclaimed the old man, in consternation, controlled even at that trying moment by his sense of kingly dignity.

But Mr. Julius Luxmore now had his cue! he bowed with the greatest deference, and lowering his tone to a key of the deepest solemnity, said—

"Sire—it is with the profoundest grief that I announce to your Majesty the death of his Highness, the Prince your nephew, Monseigneur Victoire L'Orient."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Oh! hapless house! Oh, miserable princes!" ejaculated the old man, sinking into his chair and covering his face with his hand.

For a little while both were silent—Monsieur De L'Ile, from real sorrow—Mr. Julius Luxmore, from affected respect and sympathy.

At length the former raised his head, saying—

"How and when did this occur? Give me all the details, sir."

Julius bowed, and standing, cap in hand, before his Majesty gave an account of the voyage, and wreck of the Mercury.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" was still the interjection of the bereaved old man.

"But, pardon, sire—Monseigneur Victoire, the prince, your nephew, left a daughter!"

"Go on, Monsieur! go on! You would speak of the Princess Etoile!"

Julius bowed profoundly.

"Say on, sir."

Julius then explained that he had enjoyed the friendship and confidence of "Monseigneur" Victoire L'Orient, who had entrusted him with the guardianship of his young daughter; that he was prepared to exhibit the will of the "Prince" at any hour most convenient to "His Majesty."

"I will, then, overlook the documents to-morrow, Monsieur. Bring them to me, in this room, at ten o'clock in the morning. For the present, I feel overcome, and must retire. Meanwhile, let me hope that you will avail yourself of what poor hospitality a reduced king can offer. Be good enough to ring, sir," said the old man, in a weary, but still dignified manner.

Julius took the bell-rope, and rang a peal that presently brought the little page, Frivole, to the presence.

"Boy! show this gentleman into the back drawing-room, and set refreshments before him. Afterwards, when he shall wish to retire for the night, attend him to the bedchamber formerly occupied by Madame," said 'His Majesty.'

Then, turning towards the visitor, he added—

"I hope you will palliate to yourself any lack of attendance that you may perceive, sir. I have lately suffered a great loss in the death of my chamberlain, Monsieur Louis, whose place I have not been able to supply. Good rest be yours, sir," and with a courteous nod and wave of the hand, the King of the Isle dismissed the 'Ambassador.'

Julius bowed nearly to the ground, and, walking backwards, as from royal presence, withdrew from the room.

"A courteous gentleman—a truly courteous gentleman. I like him well," ruminated his Majesty, who had never before been so adroitly flattered.

Meanwhile, Julius Luxmore followed the little page across the hall to the opposite room, where the boy left him, to go and bring refreshments.

"So—so," mused Julius, when thus left alone—"that clever quadroon man-of-business, Louis, who gave the late lamented Madame L'Orient so much trouble, and who might have given me a deal more, is now out of everybody's way—good. And his place as premier is not supplied—better! I will endeavor to supply it—best! Come, Julius Luxmore, your star is in the ascendant!"

While thus he soliloquized, Frivole re-appeared, bringing a waiter with lights and refreshments, that he arranged upon the table.

"Where is your young mistress?" inquired Mr. Luxmore of the boy, hesitating to designate her as Miss L'Orient or as the princess, for the simple reason that he was ignorant of how much this boy might be embued with the illusion of his master.

"The princess has gone to bed," replied Frivole.

Mr. Luxmore understood!—whether from credulity or policy, the negroes on the place entered into the humor of their master's monomania. The only doubt left to be cleared upon this subject was, whether they believed in, or flattered the royal assumptions of the old man. And this problem Julius determined to solve—if he could! But Julius Luxmore, with all his cunning, was no match for the secretiveness of the youngest negro on the Isle. He dare not, in so many words, ask his young attendant if he considered his master a madman. And to all his astute observations and indirect questions, intended to draw out the boy's thought upon the subject, Frivole replied with a tact of evasion quite equal to the questioner's art of investigation. The boy's manner was graceful, smooth and subtle. Mr. Luxmore felt himself playing with some beautiful, slippery serpent, whose evolutions were all charming, but who might possibly turn and sting him. He let Frivole alone.

When his meal was finished the boy offered to show him up into his sleeping apartment.

And Mr. Luxmore arose and accepted his services. He was conducted upstairs and introduced into the second floor, front, right hand chamber, the best in the house.

From the front windows of this room Mr. Luxmore looked out to sea, and saw his schooner riding at anchor a short distance from the coast. Some little anxiety he felt upon the subject of this vessel left all night in the hands of the negro crew; but, after mature deliberation, he decided that it was best that he should remain for the night the guest of Monsieur De L'Ile. So he left the vessel to its fate and went to bed.

It was a long hour before mental exhilaration yielded to bodily fatigue, and permitted him to sink to sleep, and then his slumber was disturbed by exciting dreams of wealth and grandeur; and, after a restless and perturbed night, he was early awakened by the carolling of a sweet, joyous voice under his window. He knew that voice, and he slipped out of bed, went to the window, and, concealing himself in the curtains, peeped out.

First of all, out at sea, he saw his ship, still riding safely at anchor.

Then on the rose-terrace below stood Etoile, her graceful little shoulders wrapped in a blue silk mantle to protect them from the early morning dampness.

Julius hastened to make his toilette and descend to the portico.

As soon as she heard the door open, and saw the visitor come out, she turned and came dancing up the stairs to greet him.

Mr. Luxmore saw by her manner that she knew nothing of the calamitous intelligence he had the night before revealed to Monsieur De L'Ile.

He thought, as she came towards him that she looked far more beautiful in the morning light than she had seemed the evening previous. She was but eleven years old, yet well grown and well developed for that age. There was in her fair young beauty a look of unsunned newness and freshness delightful to contemplate.

She came up carolling, but ceased her song to say—

"I am so glad you came down so early, Mr. Luxmore! The sun is rising! Oh! come see it over my sunrise shore!"

"With pleasure," said Julius. "From what point shall we view it?"

"Oh, from the eastern extremity of the rose-terrace, here—where there is nothing to intercept the view!" she said, dancing down the steps and leading the way.

Julius followed, whither she led to the eastern end of the terrace, where they stood under an arch ot multifloras.

"There! look out over the water! Look at the glorious world beyond!" she said, exultingly.

From the height upon which they stood the ground descended in a succession of gently undulating green hills, down to the pearly beach, whence the broad blue water rolled sparkling away towards the far distant "sunrise shore," which looked, under the glorious morning light, like the very foundations of the celestial city!

"See! oh see!—if all the precious stones that ever were created, were fused and streamed along the orient they could not burn, and glow and radiate and flash like that!—could they? Look! oh, look! first along the blue water, a long line of silvery light,—then golden, then ruby, then topaz, then sapphire, then all the colors of the rainbow flushing the clouds! Ah! that shore! shall I ever set my foot upon that shore," she breathed with intense aspiration.

"Ay, that you shall, my pretty one! I promise you."

"Oh! have you that power, sir?" she exclaimed, turning quickly and flashing upon him a sudden, penetrating gaze.

"Aye, I have that power fair one, else I should not now be here."

"But tell me how is that?"

"You shall learn in the course of the day, little lady."

"Shall I tread that glorious shore very soon?"

"As soon as it may be proper and expedient that you should," replied Julius Luxmore, feeling a curious interest in the visual illusion that presented a wild, rugged, and desolate coast, under such a celestial aspect to the insulated Island maiden; but wondering no longer that her whole imagination invested the whole world beyond with such heavenly beauty—for after all the cause lay in the atmospheric effects of distance, and she conceived the glorious shores only as she saw them.

The ringing of the breakfast bell summoned them to the house.

The breakfast table was neatly arranged in the back parlor on the left side of the hall.

Madeleine the quadroon and her son Frivole were in attendance. But two covers were laid.

Madeleine courtesied and announced that her master would not appear at the table, but would breakfast in his room, and begged that his guest would excuse him and command his house and servants.

Julius Luxmore would do that thing with great pleasure at some future time, he thought.

He handed the little girl to her seat at the table, and took his place at the opposite side of the board.

Madeleine was a good housekeeper and the breakfast was excellent.

When the morning meal was over, Mr. Luxmore sorted his papers, that he always now carefully carried about his person, and prepared for his visit to Monsieur De L'Ile.

At the appointed hour he presented himself.

He found "His Majesty" in the same room, seated at the same table, where he had first been introduced to him. In truth the Island King looked not much the worse for the sad news that had been told him. He was clothed in a somewhat faded purple cashmere, dressing gown, and now seemed fuller of business than of sorrow.

"I am glad of this! It is the way of madness, however," said Julius Luxmore to himself, on seeing the state of the case.

As the "Ambassador" advanced to the table, "His Majesty" looked up, nodded graciously and desired that Monsieur would waive ceremony, draw up a chair and seat himself, that they might proceed to business.

Mr. Luxmore complied.

But it is not necessary that I should trouble the reader with the details of "business" transacted between a madman on the one part and a villain on the other. It is sufficent to say that Mr. Luxmore presented his credentials—consisting of the last will and testament of Victoire L'Orient, together with various documents, all valuable as corrobborative testimony to the authenticity of the will.

The credentials were so well received, and the bearer of the credentials so well approved, and after some excellent diplomacy, Julius Luxmore found himself so high in royal favor, as to receive the appointment to the post of premier, *vice* Monsieur Louis, deceased.

His Majesty then occupied himself with details of the solemnities of the royal mourning, which he decided should be purple; and then he commissioned Monsieur the Minister—*videlicit*—Mr. Julius Luxmore, to go upon the main and make the needful purchases.

Finally dismissing Mr. Luxmore to do his errand, he sent for the "Princess," and in a private interview communicated to her the facts of the decease of her relatives. This intelligence threw over the youthful maiden an air of seriousness that was, however, as far removed from sorrow, as was the golden haze of these autumnal mornings from thunder clouds. It was not natural that the young Etoile should grieve over the loss of relatives, one of whom she had never seen, from the other of whom she had been so long separated. In truth, no one sorrowed. The young maiden was too happy, the old man too crazy, and the servants all too indifferent to do so. The "bereavement" spread no gloom over the bright Island, where it was not fully realized. Only sometimes the mad old man would suddenly recollect that he ought to be overwhelmed with affliction, and then he would fall to tearing his white hair, and exclaiming—

"Oh, miserable princess! Oh, hapless house!" And having paid this tribute of lamentation to the departed, would resume his habitual cheerfulness.

The truth is that the old man was sinking deeper and deeper into the infirmities of body and imbecilities of mind attendant upon extreme old age.

And Julius Luxmore soon found himself invested not only with the government of the farm, fisheries, and financial affairs of the Island, but also with the care of the old man's person, and with that of the young girl's education. It really seemed as if the place had needed and waited for his coming. Had he been a conscientious and disinterested man, his arrival would have been a most opportune blessing. But he was selfish and unprincipled, and he turned, you may readily believe, every circumstance of his position to his own advantage.

He adroitly and successfully flattered the old man, and thus attained the first place in the dotard's esteem and confidence.

By delicate attentions and interesting instructions, he so well recommended himself to the favor of the fair Etoile, as to become in some degree essential to the little maiden's happiness.

He also, in conducting the sales of produce from the farm and fisheries of the Island, changed the place of trade from the hamlet of Eastville on the eastern shore of the village of Heathville, about sixty miles further up the Bay on the west coast. His motive for this change, it will be easily seen, was to avoid a neighborhood where he was sure to be recognized, in favor of one where he was a total stranger.

In short, Mr. Julius Luxmore did as he pleased. His rule "there was none to dispute." The old man was duped; the young maiden fascinated; and the quadroon, even if she escaped the spell of his deceit, was, since deprived of her coadjutor, Louis, notwithstanding her intellectual brightness, but a meek creature, to be cunningly managed rather than feared.

His schooner had for some weeks remained at anchor near the Isle; but the negro crew were forbidden to leave her deck, and so had never approached the beach. Every day Mr. Luxmore had visited the vessel to look after the safety of the craft and the necessities of the men. And when at last it was convenient to do so, he had taken two of the Island sailors, embarked with them on the schooner, and set sail for Norfolk, where he paid off and discharged his hired men.

Then, having thus got rid of the "aliens," he purchased some books and pictures for Etoile, and a gorgeous purple dressing-gown for "His Majesty," and with the two home negros, set sail for the Isle. After a short and pleasant voyage, he arrived there to rejoice all hearts. And it is difficult to decide whether was Etoile the more delighted with her books and pictures, or "His Majesty" with his royal robe.

It is not to be supposed, however, that a man of Julius Luxmore's age, habits, and temperament, could be content to confine himself within the contracted limits of a sea-girt island, with no other society than an old lunatic, a young maiden, and a troupe of negro slaves, and with no change of scene than an occasional voyage to Heathville, to sell a cargo of corn or fish. With all Etoile's delightful beauty, she was but a child; with all his golden prospects, the time passed heavily; he was wearied, bored; he no longer wondered that Etoile pined for "the glorious world beyond." He himself, who knew it well to be anything but "glorious," also pined for it.

In a word, he felt the necessity of devising some plan of safe and frequent intercourse with "the rest of mankind."

But this communication with his fellow-creatures, to be secure, must be, like the "reciprocity" of some people, all on one side. He must change the scene; must often go somewhere; but no one else should ever come to the Island. No one should know of the precious treasure hidden there.

But we will, for the present, leave this delectable young gentleman to make the best of his good fortune, while we go back after his forsaken love, Captain Barbara Brande, and her noble passenger.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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PAULINA'S RUSE.

HOW THE BEST WEALTH WAS GAINED.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Paulina Arnold was a beauty, and the pessesor of a large fortune. She had been left an orphan at an early age, and at eighteen, by the terms of her father's will, came into possession of the large estate which he had partly inherited, partly accumulated. Of course, she became a belle, at her entree into society; of course, she was besieged by crowds of fortune hunters, by adventurers, by foreign *quasi* noblemen, by dashing spendthrifts of good family and empty pockets. Few cared for her bright, young beauty; still fewer for her warm, loving heart—it was the heiress they sought, not the graceful, affectionate girl—not the lofty, noble woman.

So, one morning, she announced to the lady who resided with her, as companion and chaperone, that she was going on a short visit to the country, to seek out some distant and almost forgotten friends of her mother.

Mrs. Erncourt lifted up her hands and eyes in astonishment. Three great parties were announced for the next week. It was the height of the opera season; Mrs. Fanshaw's fancy ball was to come off in ten days—had not Paulina forgotten her engagements at these?

She had not; but yesterday she read some of the letters in her mother's escritoire, and she had become interested in the writers—her mother's friends and relatives. She was going at once to seek them out. They were quiet country folks, and she should go alone, without servants, and in her simplest dress.

In her astonishment, Mrs. Erncourt forgot to inquire where was her destination. The carriage, which Paulina had sent her maid to order before coming down to breakfast, was already at the door. The maid came down with her carpet-bag; the footman followed with a little trunk; Paulina tied on her bonnet and cloak, and was gone before Mrs. Erncourt recovered sufficiently to ask any questions.

In an hour the carriage returned, driven by the footman. Paulina had concluded to take the coachman, an old man, who had been in her father's service before she was born, with her, until she reached the last stage of her journey. Then she would send him back. She sent a message to Mrs. Erncourt, requesting her to let all things go on at home as if she were not absent, giving directions about some matters of business, money, &c.

In three days the coachman returned. He had accompanied his mistress to Boston; from thence to a large inland city, where she left the railroad, and he had seen her seated in the stage-coach, which was to convey her to the New Hampshire village which was her destination. He did not think Miss Paulina mentioned its name, but she would write to Mrs Erncourt very soon.

But, oh, sad mystification! Where was the heiress? Her letters, each and all, were post marked at Concord; but she was not very near Concord, for nobody there knew her cousin, Mr. Rhodes, with whom she was staying. Evidently, she did not intend that the secret of her retreat should be discovered, and had therefore contrived some means of getting her letters posted in Concord.

What Paulina did, what she saw and felt can be better told by the pages of the journal which she commenced during her seclusion, than in any other way. The day after she arrived she wrote thus:

N., New Hampshire, January 18, 18—. Last evening I reached the quiet spot from whence I am now writing. I came into this household an utter stranger. As the sleigh, driven by a ruddy, curly-haired youth, whom I hired at the stage-house in the village to bring me here, turned into the yard, through the open gates, I caught the red glimmer of fire-light through the uncurtained windows; and as we circled the house, I saw the group gathered around the ample hearth in the kitchen. I had time but for a glance, for the sound of the sleigh-bells brought them all to the door, Mr. Rhodes foremost, the children crowding around him, and cousin Mary holding the candle aloft in the back ground.

In a moment I stood upon the threshold, with cousin Mary's face beaming upon me. She looked so kind and motherly that I longed to feel her arms encircling me, and to lay my head upon her bosom.

"I am Paulina Arnold," I said, simply. "I am Anna Milmer's child."

In a moment I lay in her arms, and she was sobbing out her welcome. When I raised my head I saw the children standing in a wondering group, Cousin Rhodes wiping his eyes slily with his coat-sleeve, and holding out the other hand, while the boy, who had brought me there, stood just inside the threshold, stamping off the snow, and gazing in stupid astonishment at the scene.

"We are glad to see you, Anna," said Mr. Rhodes, simply, but with such hearty welcome in his tones that I had no difficulty in believing what he said, and when I told him that my name was Paulina, not Anna, he said I looked so much like my mother that he could almost have believed that she had returned to her old, mountain home, unchanged by the twenty-five years that had passed since she left it. It made me glad to hear that I resembled my mother, whom I scarce remember, but who was a beautiful woman, and good as beautiful. I am glad to be beautiful, but I hope they will find me like my mother in heart and mind, as well as in face.

I was presently introduced to all my young cousins—a fine, healthy, handsome group, some near manhood, some in the bloom of maidenhood, and a row of children of all ages down to little Anna, 'the baby' still, though she is three years old. Presently supper was ready and we all sat down. I was surprised to hear my driver invited to a seat beside my cousin Mary's eldest daughter.

But he came as a matter of course. I suppose there is little distinction of classes in this rural region. When supper was over he rose up to go away, as I thought, with some reluctance. I asked him what I should pay him for his service, as I had no idea what would be proper. To my surprise he answered,

"Well, I didn't calkerlate on having any pay. I thought I'd just bring you over to accommodate Colonel Jones at the tavern! 'Twant much out o' my way."

"But I prefer to pay you. I requested the landlord to send some one, and expected, of course, to pay."

"Well, if you want to pay, I reckon a York shillin' 'll be enough. I s'pose I'll have to give old Grey an extra feed of oats when I get home. But I hadn't the least objection to comin' here."

He cast a sly a glance at Lucy Rhodes that made the blushes rise to her fair forehead, while the children tittered. I handed him a much larger sum than he demanded, and, after thanking me, he withdrew, and I noticed that Lucy followed him to the outer door.

"Frank and Lucy think a great deal of each other," said Cousin Mary, as they went out. On questioning her I learned that Frank was the son of a neighboring farmer, Deacon Lee, and at his father's death would probably be the owner of some hundreds of acres of the finest land in New Hampshire. Evidently, Cousin Mary and her husband are very well pleased at the attachment that has grown up between Frank and Lucy.

Cousin Mary took me to my room at an early hour, or what seemed so to me, and I showed her my mother's miniature and some packages ages of letters, many of them her own. We had a long chat together, and when she left me she kissed me affectionately, called me her dear child, and bade me remember that this was my home as long as I chose to stay with them. She knows nothing of the petted belle and heiress. To her I am only the orphan child of her dead friend and cousin, Anna Milmer. I have told her that my father left me means of support, and that is enough for her to know at present. I will not tell her that I am rich, unless I see that my riches can be made serviceable to her or her household.

I have a delightful room. It is large, and simply though tastefully furnished. A bright warm carpet upon the floor, a snowy bed, a dark antique chest of drawers, that Cousin Mary says once belonged to my grandmother; tables, chairs, a stove that makes it summer-like here, though the wide landscape is white with snow as far as eye can reach, and the wintry winds are whistling past the windows. I am sure I shall be very happy here.

April 10, 18—. I have been here almost three months—the most quietly happy months that I remember since my dear father's death. I have learned to love all this dear family, and, that I might not be the only drone in the hive, I have been teaching Lucy to draw; hearing the younger children read; embroidering pretty frocks for little Anna, who, because she is a lovely child, and because she bears my mother's name, shall be my peculiar protege. In the evenings I read to the family as they gather round, while Cousin Mary works; and Cousin Rhodes often interrupts me with his shrewd, keen remarks, that show the native force of his uncultivated mind.

Frank Lee went to Concord last week, and he brought me a batch of letters from Mrs. Erncourt; one also from Carrie Page, full of news, and gossip, and tattle. How it sickened me. I wondered how I had ever found an interest in such matters. Now, amidst the freshness of a natural, rural life, they seem like the veriest chaff, so light and worthless are they all.

Mrs. Erncourt sent me a sum of money also, for which I was very glad when, next day, I heard Cousin Rhodes say to Cousin Mary that he had a large payment to make, and as the firm to whom he sold his grain had become somewhat embarrassed, he had to wait for his pay, though he thought he should ultimately receive it. Now he must take from the bank the hundred dollars which he had deposited there for Hubert—his eldest son—who is studying for the ministry, and he feared that he should not be able to replace it so that Hubert could go on with his studies, as he had planned. I saw the tears come into Cousin Mary's eyes as she turned silently away. Hubert is her darling son, and she earnestly desires to see him ordained to the service he has chosen. I believe if she could once see him ministering at the altar, she would be content to die and feel every wish fulfilled.

I slipped out, and went to my own room to get my purse. When I returned I saw by Cousin Mary's reddened eyes that she had been weeping, but I said nothing. I waited until Mr. Rhodes came in, and then I went up to him and laid the two one-hundred-dollar bank notes that Mrs. Erncourt sent, in his hand.

"Cousin Samuel," I said, "please use what you require for your payment out of these notes, and put the remainder in the bank for Hubert. I am very glad it came last night, that I may offer it to you."

"My own child!" said Cousin Rhodes, starting up in an agitated manner, when he saw the value of the notes—"my dear Paulina, what does this mean. I cannot take your money. It is all you have, is it not?"

"Not quite," I answered. "I have twenty or thirty dollars besides, which I brought here, and I can get more at any time. I beg you will accept that. I have had no expenses since I have been here, and that is honestly your due for helping such an idle girl so long. I should have spent" —— "twice that sum for trifles in New York," I was about to add, but checked myself when I remembered that they thought I was poor, and that the sum seemed so large to them who never have much money, but gain most of their comforts from the farm, or from the exchange of commodities.

Cousin Samuel took it, at last, with many thanks and much reluctance, saying he would accept one hundred as a loan until the grain was paid for, and the other hundred he would place in the bank for me, instead of Hubert.

May 5th. The spring is opening in beauty at last. The tenderest green leaves clothe all the trees; the sun shines warmly down upon the mellow earth in which they are planting the seeds of grains and vegetables; the streams murmur, all loosened as they are from their icy thraldom; even the birds are returning and are building their nests in the great trees that stand about the house. How beautiful, how intensely joyous is this awakening of Nature! Mrs. Erncourt urges me to return home, but I am determined to remain here. I am as a child to these excellent people. I love them as if they were my parents—why should not this be my home?

June 25th. I have been very happy here all the spring, until now. I think I will go back to New York, take Mrs. Erncourt, and make the usual round of the watering places. I thought I was secluded here from all the world, but these primitive, unsophisticated people. And now Mrs. Lee proposes to take city boarders, and two of them—an artist from Boston, and his cousin, who is said to be a New Yorker, have already arrived. If one is a New Yorker, and is in society at all, I shall be discovered; for Miss Arnold, the heiress, the belle, is too widely known to remain long unrecognized by such an one.

July 5th. I had contrived to escape contact with Mrs. Lee's boarders until yesterday, though they had been here, and Claude Benedict had even sketched Lucy in her bloomer hat and that pretty blue muslin that I made Mrs. Erncourt buy for her. They had heard of me, of course, but I remained obstinately invisible. I have remained here because Hubert was to come home, and was to deliver the oration, on the Fourth, at the village. For the world I would not have disappointed Cousin Mary in her desire that Hubert and I should meet, that I should see her darling, and above all, listen to his eloquent words. I went and was amply repaid. My cousin Hubert is a noble specimen of the talented New Englander. Totally unpretending, he makes himself felt as soon as heard or seen. I am proud of him, and glad beyond expression that I know him, and have the power to aid him, to free him from the long struggle with his poverty that he thinks is before him ere he can gain a knowledge of his profession.

Hubert was not well. He was exhausted by his long journey and his efforts, so we returned home at once from the church. Mr. Page and Claude Benedict, who wished to make Hubert's acquaintance, followed us on horseback. I saw that an introduction was unavoidable, so went at once to the parlor as soon as I had laid aside my hat and shawl. Cousin Mary introduced me to her guests, and I noticed that Mr. Page started when he saw me, while I *felt* that I had seen him before rather than *recognized his features*. "He knows me," I thought, "and all is over. If these good friends learn that I am rich, I fear that they, too, will turn sycophants. I must at all risks preserve myself from the enclaircissement until I have gone away." Pretty soon Mr. Page approached me.

"Miss Arnold," he said, "I think I am not mistaken in the idea that I have met you in New York. You are an intimate friend of my cousin Carrie—you are Miss Paulina Arnold—" "the belle and heiress" he might have added, but I interrupted him.

"Mr. Page," I said, "you are right, but these kind, unsophisticated friends of mine know me only as a desolate orphan of limited means. I beg of you not to undeceive them, for they are the only persons in the world who love Paulina Arnold for herself, and not for her gold."

"You shall be obeyed," answered Mr. Page, bowing profoundly. "I guessed that I should find you here, but as you were hidden I thought you had some motive for the seclusion, and so kept silent. Carrie wrote me that you were somewhere in the neighborhood of Concord."

"When have you heard from Carrie?" I inquired.

"I hear from her almost daily," he answered, and from his proud, happy manner I learned that he was Carrie's accepted lover.

"I think I understand you, Mr. Page," I said. "Let me congratulate you. Carrie is a noble girl; one whom fashionable frivolity has not been able to spoil. I am glad to know that she is so happy."

He bowed again over my extended hand, and looked very handsome with the flush of gratified feeling upon his fine face. Mr. Benedict came up.

"What is all this about?" he said. "Are you so recreant to your lady-love as to be already bowing in allegiance to another?"

Mr. Page smiled.

"Miss Arnold knows our Carrie," he said, "and has been saying something very pleasant for me to hear!"

"Will you not tell what you said of Carrie?" said Mr. Benedict. "She is my cousin also, as well as Arthur's, and I love her only less than he. I am only a poor artist, with reputation yet to gain, and so cannot afford to fall in love, except in a cousinly way, with Carrie and her sisters."

I told him what I had said, and then we fell into easy conversation. He is very interesting, full of anecdote, of high-toned sentiment, of varied information. We strolled together in the garden after tea, and I enjoyed the evening exceedingly. Six months' seclusion from contact with cultivated minds gives an added zest to such communion.

July 10.—I am still at N. Hubert has gone back to the seminary, but I linger here. Mr. Page keeps my secret, and I need not go for that, and Mr. Benedict has promised to paint my portrait. I can give the time to it here, better than in the city, and I am anxious that he should paint it, not only that I may set the fashion of paying him munificently, but that, when he comes to the city next winter, I may set the fashion of employing him. He is anxious to go to Europe to study, and Mr Page tells me he is too proud to accept aid. How I would like to help the fulfilment of his wish, with some of my useless wealth, if I but knew how.

Sept. 1.—The portrait has long been finished, but still I have lingered in such a trance of happiness that I have feared to break it. I am very, very happy. Claude Benedict is mine, my affianced husband. He thinks me only the poor orphan, and speaks mournfully of the weary years of waiting that are before us. This happiness would never have come to the great heiress. He is too proud to have wooed one whose charms are golden, had he known it.

To-morrow we will go back to the city, and not until we arrive there will he learn my secret. I know not how he will bear it, but trust only to the great love that we bear each other.

Sept. 4.—This afternoon we arrived. My carriage was waiting at the depot. Claude looked puzzled when he saw the liveries, but I said, simply, "Ah! I see. Mrs. Erncourt has sent the carriage." We got in and drove homeward. He seemed rather surprised again when he saw the name "Arnold" on the door. "Arnold!" he said, "your uncle's name, I suppose. Do you live here?" I answered yes, and he said no more. We went into the drawing-room where Mrs. Erncourt was waiting to welcome us. She expressed her pleasure at seeing me home again—the anticipated joy of the servants at my arrival she dwelt upon lightly, and then turning to Claude began to speak of my long seclusion; of how I had been missed in society; of the balls and parties from which I made my escape last winter. I could see that Claude was growing more and more surprised, and I was glad when she was called out of the room. The moment she had gone he turned to me.

"What does this mean, dearest," he said; "I thought you a dependent orphan, when I wooed you. Are you so much of a belle as Mrs. Erncourt represents? My Paulina is beautiful enough, but ——"

"It means, dear Claude," I said, placing my hand playfully upon his lips, "it means that I am not what you thought me—Paulina Arnold, the poor orphan; but Paulina Arnold, the heiress. All this that you see, and much more, is mine; but it did not hinder me from being very desolate 'till I won a true heart. Now, oh, now! Claude, I am very rich."

He did not speak. I wound my arms around him, and waited for a reply. He looked at me sadly, and even gravely. "Paulina," he said, "was this well? You have deceived me. I have learned to love you, and in gaining your heart, I have lost my honor."

"Claude, what mean you?" I asked, appalled by his manner.

"The poor artist," he answered, "should never wed with the rich heiress. The world will say that I sought you for your gold."

"And shall we care what the world says, dear Claude? When the heiress gives you her hand, you will be no longer poor, because she gives you all she is or has. And tell me which you value most—her love, her heart, or her gold?"

I need not attempt to write down what he answered. Indeed, his answer was couched in language not articulate, nor capable of being translated into or written in words. It is enough that I understood it, and am satisfied. I think I can manage the sensitiveness of my beloved friend, until the time when I shall have but his love, while all I have and am will be laid—my precious free offering—at his feet.

June 18.—Summer in Italy! Claude and I have been married just six months—such happy, happy months! We came here at once, here to Rome; and Claude is studying his beautiful, beloved art. Already he has achieved some reputation. When he returns, with the prestige of his European studies, I shall have no fears for him. He fears his wealth will win him favor, and studies twice as hard as if he were poor, as sometimes I almost wish he were. But we will try to make good use of our abundance. Already we have aided more than one needy artist; and we look upon our mutual love as more priceless by far than all our wealth. Every day I bless that sweet seclusion, in the midst of which I found true friends, and one loving heart.

Hubert came to pronounce over us the nuptial blessing. He has been ordained, and has settled near his mother and his home. Lucy, and Frank Lee are married, and little Anna, my pet and protege, is with me here. I shall keep her always, if her parents will consent. I cannot write here how rich in happiness I am. I hear Claude's footstep on the marble stair, and I must hasten to his side, where, of all places on earth, I find my best joy.

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LOCALITY.—Particular places become dear to the heart of man more generally by the associations attached to them, than by their beauty, convenience, or fertility. Nor is this the case only as affecting individuals, for attachment founded on memories or traditions binds tribes and nations likewise to certain spots, and this is carried so far occasionally that the mere name of a distant country will call from the bosom feelings of affection and devotion, joy, pride, and hope.

◆

CHOOSE COMPANY ABOVE YOURSELF.—"In the whole course of my life," says Lord Clarendon, "I never knew one man, of whatever condition soever, arrive to any degree of reputation in the world, who made choice of or delighted in the company or conversation of those who in their parts were not much superior to himself."

TO MOTHER FAIRIE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Good old mother Fairie,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folk
You would like to hire?

I want no chubby drudges
To milk and churn and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
With grisly beards, and thin:

But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts—
Say, have you such to spare?

I know a poor, pale body,
Who cannot sleep at night
And I want the little people
To keep her chamber bright;

To chase away the shadows
That make her moan and weep,
To sing her loving lullabies,
And kiss her eyes asleep.

And when in dreams she reaches
For pleasures dead and gone,
To hold her wasted fingers,
And make the rings stay on.

They must be very cunning
To make the future shine
Like leaves, and flowers, and strawberries,
A-growing on one vine.

Good old mother Fairie,
Since my need you know,
Tell me, have you any folk
Wise enough to go!

THE SEVERED PATH.

BY GEORGIANA HERBERT.

Ellen Taylor and Sarah Mills were orphan cousins, under the care of a kindly-disposed but not over-wise relative. They were rightly taught; but not properly trained; and they grew up, restless, romping, self-willed girls. They attended the same school, and fared in all respects exactly alike, until they were between eighteen and twenty years of age; when they both married—one a solid and industrious farmer—sensible, affectionate, good-looking, and *religious*; the other a city gentleman, of whom she knew little more than this, that he had made love to half of the girls in her native town, where he had been spending the summer months, and had then driven them all to despair by marrying her. She supposed him to be pretty well off in regard to money; for he seemed to pay no attention whatever to the cost of anything.

In justice to Ellen we will, however, say that she thought far less of the deep purse of her lover than she did of his handsome person and attractive manners. She would probably have married him had she believed him to be the owner of *not* one red cent.

When she bade her kind aunt and affectionate cousin farewell, and turned for comfort in this her first sorrow, to her husband, who only was with her in the carriage, he said, as he folded her in his arms—

"What assurance has my beautiful and trusting wife that he who has won her from all that long-tried love, is worthy?"

Ellen looked in his face with astonishment.

"Do we not love *each other* better than all the world?" said she.

"And you have not a doubt of me—you trust yourself thus entirely to one who is to you a stranger. How glad I am that I am not a villain."

"So am I," said Ellen, laughing; "but, my! how sober you look—what is the matter with you?"

"I was only thinking how easy it would have been for any scoundrel to have imposed upon you. You are too confiding, my wife—your ruin would have been certain had you loved a villain."

"But I shouldn't have loved one, Edgar—so don't worry about that. You won't, will you?"

"No—I will not—but now, Ellen, what will you say if I tell you that I am a poor man, and that you've got to work hard to help me get a living?"

"Well—I shall say I *expect* to help you work if you are poor. I'm sure *I don't care* whether you are rich or poor, my angel, so long as you are my own dear, darling husband. So don't worry about *that*."

Ellen's husband very unceremoniously caught his wife in his arms, and squeezed her so close, and kissed her so heartily, that her bonnet was in the utmost danger of getting ruined.

"What ails you?" she said, *carefully* boxing his precious ears, and *gently* pulling his dark rings of hair. "What ails you, Edgar? you ought to have more manners than to treat a lady in such a rude way."

"You are such a little, dear beauty—that's all that ails me," was all the explanation she got then; but when, the next day, they arrived at their home, and Ellen found that home to be a palace, filled with all that belongs to wealth and luxury, she understood the meaning of her husband's joy, because she was so willing to help him *work for a living*. She was the wife of one of the richest men in New York city. She had entered a circle of haughty, worldly, and time-serving people; her husband, though of a pleasant and gentle disposition, and really very fond of her, and very proud of her beauty—for Ellen was extremely beautiful and graceful—had no firmness of principle in him.

When Sarah came to visit her city cousin, she was utterly astonished to find her so circumstanced, and went home somewhat inclined to be dissatisfied with her own humble lot.

"Why shouldn't *my* husband, who is five hundred times as good as Harwood, be as rich as he is?" was the question that troubled Sarah.

As time passed along children were born to both families; but Sarah lost several of hers when they were at the ages of one, two, and three years.

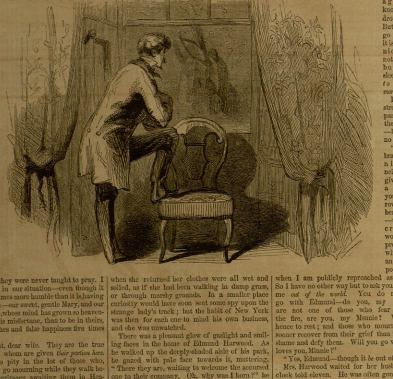
This was a bitter grief to the heart of the fond mother; and again she murmured, "Why are *my* babes taken, and the children of my wealthy cousin all preserved alive?"

But sorrow was blessed to Sarah; for through the graves of her little ones she got her first look into heaven; and while her eyes were filled with tears, she lifted them to follow the flight of her cherubs, and straight the tears became prisms, glowing with the eternal dyes of immortality. The heart of the mother of redeemed ones, by trouble, was brought to taste of the love of God. Thus her affliction, though not joyous, but grievous, brought forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

She had two fine children left; but one of these, a beautiful, high-spirited boy, whom it was already becoming a hard and perplexing thing to govern, at the age of nine fell and so injured himself as to become a cripple and an invalid for life.

All this time the family of Edgar Harwood had gone on without a cross or a care. Their children were all healthy and handsome; there were no fears or tears within their dwelling. The Sabbath-day was with them a day for revels—not a child out of that house was ever sent to Sunday-school, and it was a rare thing that either parents or children were ever seen at church. Harwood was an avowed infidel; and his teachings had poisoned the mind of his doating wife. Her trust was in the arm of flesh—in her idolized husband; and not at all in the Lord. Wines of all kinds were the daily drink of the Harwoods. Is it any wonder that their children grew up "drinkers of strong drink?"

Sarah, on one of her visits to Ellen, when the children of both were all past twelve years of age, talked faithfully to her about the influence her own and her husband's example was having on their children. She besought her early friend to consider the fearful responsibility that was upon her soul—that of training for immortality all the children that God had given her. But she might as well have talked to a goat about immortality.—It influenced the considerations of Ellen about as much as if she had been a goat—which, in a Scripture sense, she *was*.



"Oh! my dear husband," said Sarah, on reaching home after that visit, "what *is* to become of those poor untaught children? Beautiful and smart as they are, in all worldly knowledge, they know no more than heathens of the true wisdom. They don't know the commandments, and they were never taught to pray. I would rather be in our situation—even though it were a thousand times more humble than it is, having our good children—our sweet, gentle Mary, and our poor little cripple, whose mind has grown so heavenly by means of his misfortune, than to be in theirs, with all their riches and false happiness five times told."

"You are right, dear wife. They are the true objects of pity to whom are given *their portion here*. What is there to pity in the lot of those who, though they may go mourning while they walk below, have an inheritance awaiting them in Heaven?"

There came no sorrow into the Harwood family for nearly twenty years, and then the father died. It was thought that this blow would destroy his wife; but it did not. She recovered in a measure, and on her children she now poured out that wealth of affection which nothing but God should draw forth—which only He can satisfy.

They were a vain, self-willed, and dissipated set of children—who could not dwell in peace at home. To several of them were left, by wealthy relations, large sums of money, and with these they made themselves "temples in the groves," and furnishing them like palaces, they surrounded themselves with boon companions, and held revel after revel there; drinking their fill of choice wine; rejoicing in the strength and speed of their fast horses; and giving themselves to the embraces of those "whose feet take hold on hell."

Whether the mother knew just how things were going in these establishments, no one could ever tell. Certainly, with a mother's instincts, she must have had her suspicons; but she was too proud to show uneasiness to her friends; too fond to show coldness to her children.

Two daughters she had, and three sons. Both of her daughters and one of her sons were married—the son to a wife far too good for him—the daughters to wine-bibbers like themselves.

The other two sons were by far the most wealthy of the family—each being owner of nearly two hundred thousand dollars in his own right. They lived in their groves, at some distance from the city; and from their mother's table food the most costly, and in the greatest profusion, was daily sent to them. All night long were their bacchanalian orgies frequently continued; and, at last, while the crippled son of Sarah was sweetly breathing out his innocent life on his mother's bosom, bidding her, with his dying breath, be of good cheer, for the Lord stood by him, and held him by the hand, and smiled on his parents, and on his dear sister, as if to assure him that He loved *them* also with the love wherewith He loved *him*; and that they should all meet again in joy—the first-born of Ellen—her nobly formed, and most beautiful Absalom, was struggling in the horrors of delirium tremens; and howling on the borders of "the lake of fire." He died; and the heart of his mother died within her as she heard his parting cry—

"Mother, mother, you and father were my ruin. I am going to the hell that you despised."

His brother, of the other grove, was so appalled by the death of Absalom, that he fled, as if from his own thoughts, to Europe, and ended his days in dissipation there.

A few days after the death of Absalom his palace in the forest took fire, and in a few hours a heap of ashes was all that remained of the gilded haunt of one who had made pleasure his god, and put his trust in riches.

Those who passed the spot where Absalom, in his pride and beauty, had so often been seen, and by the thoughtless admired and envied, could hardly fail to be impressed with an idea that there stood a shadowy form in the midst of that ruin, uttering with solemn voice, "Behold the *end* of them that prosper in the world—that heap up riches; who fear not the Lord, neither regard His power!"

"Ah!" said the poor and lowly, as they shuddered passing by, "who would have riches, if they are to prove such a deadly curse?"

It is a pity that that which has power so much to enhance the joys of life, *should* so often prove to be a curse; as *all* blessings misused become.

The history of the daughters of Ellen we shall not now trace. Women are rarely such high-handed sinners as men are; and the daughters of Ellen were open transgressors of no social law—none has a right to judge their secret actions.

Her son Edmund had been absent from home for several years before he married. His house was in an extensive park, in the upper part of the city—and was nobly shaded by old forest trees. He had been married for ten years, and was the father of several fine children. This son was the only one who had never shown any fondness for wine, fast horses, &c. To him his mother naturally turned for support under her fearful afflictions.

Edmund had ever manifested a very affectionate and gentle disposition—he loved his mother tenderly, and was deeply grieved at everything that grieved her. He was now her most successful comforter. His wife was a truly worthy woman, and very much devoted to him. He had been always kind and attentive to her; but often had she felt that he did not deeply love her.

* * * * * *

During the autumn following the death of Absalom there arrived at one of the hotels of Broadway a lady of apparent wealth and consequence. She took handsome rooms, and had all her meals sent to them. She made no conversation with any one, and went and came veiled and silently. Always at evening she was observed to go out, and often when she returned her clothes were all wet and soiled, as if she had been walking in damp grass, or through marshy grounds. In a smaller place curiosity would have soon sent some spy upon the strange lady's track; but the habit of New York was then for each one to mind his own business, and she was unwatched.

There was a pleasant glow of gaslight and smiling faces in the home of Edmund Harwood. As he walked up the deeply-shaded aisle of his park, he gazed with pale face towards it, muttering, "There they are, waiting to welcome the accursed one to their company. Oh, why was I born?" he groaned, as he struck his hand hard against his forehead.

In a few moments more he had entered his house, and the arms of his children were around his neck, while his good and true wife cheerfully welcomed him home.

His face wore no sign now of his agitation in the park. There was a glow on his cheek, and his pleasant, handsome face was all smiles. He talked playfully with his wife, eat supper with good appetite, and when it was over, frolicked in high glee with the children.

Little Ed., his father's namesake, got his hand up to his elbow in one of Mr. Harwood's pockets, and grabbed at some letters.

"Now I mean to read these, pa," he said, trying to run away with them.

"No, you don't," said his father, laughing and catching the boy by the leg. "Hand over here, you young rascal."

"Mother, mother, come and help me—here, take this letter," and the child reached the only one that he had succeeded in retaining towards his mother.

The laughing mother sprang to catch the letter—as she did so Mr. Harwood caught a sight of the hand-writing. He started forward and said, in a husky voice,—

"Give me that letter, Jane."

"Why—what are you afraid of. I should think it was a love-letter. I think I'll read it before I give it to you."

"Give it to me, instantly!" thundered her husband, and the terrified wife obeyed.

The sport and the pleasure was over. Harwood strode to the window and looked forth. The moonlight fell, checkered by shade, across the paths of the park. Presently he started, and, had one been near him, he might almost have heard his blood rush and his heart beat. It seems he *saw* the slender form that flitted across the moonlight, and that now stood like a shadow in the shadow of the trees.

There was a white face looking up at him, which less acute eyes than his would not have seen; but to *him* it was as visible in that darkness as if it had been bathed by sunlight. And those sad, heavy eyes—he saw their sorrowful and appealing look as clearly as if they had been close before him.

"Poor wandering spirit—outcast and desolate because of my love," he muttered. "It shall come to an end. Such life is worse than death. For death! what is it but eternal sleep—rest?"

He lifted his hand to his lips; then slowly waived it in the direction of the dim figure; and, turning from the window, left the room.

"How cross father is to-night. I'm glad he's gone out, ain't you, mother?" said little Edmund.

"Hush, hush, my dear. You know God don't love to hear children speak so about their parents."

The mother then gathered the children and heard them sing and pray; for *this* mother believed in God, and in His Holy Word, and taught her little ones accordingly, spite of the ridicule of her husband; after which she sent them to their rest; and then sat watching for her husband's return.

When Edmund left the house, he walked hastily towards the tree under which he had seen that muffled figure glide. He was wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and as he bent over and walked in an unnatural gait, no one (had one seen him) could have told who he was. He entered the shadow of the tree from behind. His figure stood motionless; its gaze still fixed upon the window whence he had disappeared.

"Minnie," said a voice close behind her. She turned instantly, and was clasped in the embrace of Harwood.

"Oh! Edmund, Edmund, *must we*, must we longer bear this? *I* cannot—I am losing my reason—I *must* be with you; or I shall go raving mad. All that I *can* endure I have—now tell me, can you not hide me, and often come to me? or, if you cannot, what *shall* I do—for live longer, away from you, I *cannot*."

"Poor Minnie! how you tremble—dear, suffering child. Be calm a moment while I talk to you. Remember, Minnie, that you are in my arms, and that henceforth, I will never seek to put you from me. It is too much. Forgive me, Minnie—martyr-love—forgive me for the past, and we will part no more."

The very soul of tenderness was breathing in the words of Edmund. He clasped and kissed the woman as if she was dearer to him than his own soul, as indeed she was.

"*Have* you been happy?" she asked him, as if continuing a former conversation."

"No, Minnie, *never*. I have been calm and *comfortable*—I have a good and faithful wife, and sweet ceildren; but the void in my heart has never been filled. You are the only woman I ever thoroughly loved; and in this hour I wonder how I ever could have resigned you. It was to satisfy the claims of society. When I discovered, after having married to punish you, that you were still true to me I suffered untold agony—you know what that drove me to do. But let the past go by. For us it is ended 'Minnie; we will not part again; but we must sleep this night *to awake no more*."

He felt a strong shiver pass through the form he held—but there was no reply.

"I am not a brave man, Minnie; I can neither bear to give you up to a renewal of your lonely sorrow; nor can I bear the scorn—the hue and cry, of the world; the reproaches of my wife, and the anguish of my poor mother, when I am publicly reproached as a criminal. So I have no other way but to ask you to come with me *out of the world*. You do not fear to go with Edmund—do you, my own? You are not one of those who fear the pit and the fire, are you, my Msnnie? We will go hence to rest; and those who mourn for us will sooner recover from their grief than if we *lived* to shame and defy them. Will you go with him who loves you, Minnie?"

"Yes, Edmund—though it *be* out of the world."

Mrs. Harwood waited for her husband till the clock told eleven. He was often gone all night; and she, supposing now that he would not return before morning, retired.

In the morning as she walked out in the park she noticed that her flower-beds had been run over—the tracks looked like those of a woman. Who could have done it? One of the servants? No—they knew better; besides the tracks were too narrow for a servant's foot. She went on a few steps to meet the gardener, whom she saw approaching. There was a look of horror in his face as he accosted her—

"Won't you please to go into the house again, my lady?"

"What for, William?" asked Mrs. Harwood. "Who are *they*?" she added, pointing to some men coming slowly from the farther end of the park, bearing what seemed a very heavy burden.

"Oh! please, my dear lady, *do* go into the house. You had better, indeed," entreated the trembling gardener.

"What dreadful thing has happened?" asked the lady, turning very pale, and going towards the men with the burden. She saw her husband stretched dead upon a board; and fast locked in his embrace, with her arms about his neck, was a beautiful dead woman. Poor wife! she, too, was borne helpless and senseless into her desolate home.

But time heals, or partially heals, all woes—all miseries, and the wife and the mother of the suicide lived through that dreadful time. The death clasp of the wretched pair could not be loosed, and they were coffined and buried as they died, locked in each other's arms. A letter found in Edmund's pocket—the very letter, as his wife at once saw, that had caused him to speak *in anger his last word to her*, was all there was to throw light upon the tragic deed. It ran thus—we give but extracts:

"I knew how your conscience troubled you; and solely to give you peace, I consented to marry Hunt. But when the time appointed drew near, I felt that I could not fulfill my promise. The money I gave to him, and vanished. I was *yours*, Edmund,—yours, body and soul, forever. I could not—I *could not* give myself to any other. That, indeed, had been infamy. What I had been to you caused me neither remorse nor shame, for I loved you utterly. I had neither love nor thought for any other. Hunt did not acquaint you with my flight, and for these five years I have tried to wean myself from you—have, *for your sake*, tried to forget you. You married not because you did *not* love me, but because you *did*; and were mad from the thought that I was false to you. When you learned your mistake, how quickly you returned to me. How you besought me to forget all that was between us—to forget the gulf. Oh! Edmund, *I forgot all* that you desired, but you were never at ease. I saw the fear that haunted you; and the remorse, and that only, was the reason why I have kept away from you so long. But you are not happy *now*, nor at ease—I can see it; for I am upon your path constantly. You are watched, as well as I. My banishment from you has not purchased your peace, and I have now returned. I can bear this parting no longer. It is far, far worse than death. I have watched you night after night, standing under the trees of your park; I have almost touched you as you passed me; I have been so near that I have heard you sigh. To-night I shall be, at nine o'clock, under the great butternut tree that you can see from your parlor windows. *Meet me there*, or you will find me dead at its foot in the morning. Edmund, *if you ever loved me*, meet me there.

"MINNIE."

That meeting, and its results, our readers have been told. "The way of the transgressor is *hard*." "The wages of *sin* is *death*." It is strange how much the human heart can bear—a woman's heart—a *mother's* heart.

When Ellen stood a gay young bride by her husband's side, what if some mighty hand had rolled aside the mist which veiled her future? What if she had seen an aged woman, with thin face and silver hair, sitting alone, amidst magnificence and wealth, while the setting sun showed the tears upon her cheeks that were swiftly chased by others, as she mourned and lamented for the husband who had died in his full strength, and for the sons whom sin and misery had slain? Would she—*could* she have believed that old woman, whose house was left unto her desolate, was herself?

"No," she would have said, and felt sure that she spoke truly—"I should *die* ere *half* of this fell upon me."

Yet, there poor Ellen dwells—a stricken and wretched old woman; rich and haughty still; stripped of all earthly happiness and hope, yet refusing to look to heaven for that which is better. Her sun already dips below the horizon; a few moments more, and it will go down. Her soul will have departed—her history be sealed.

Sarah is a widow now, with but one child to cheer her old age, her good and dutiful daughter. When she looks backward to the spot at which her path and Ellen's began to diverge, she is lost in wonder at the ways of God. "Why was it," she asks, "that I was led along a lowly and a sheltered way, while poor Ellen, lifted to the high places of the world, was destined to such hopeless misery at the end? Oh! *God is* good to them that trust him, but 'the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.'"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A YOUNG SUBSCRIBER, who denominates himself a young *gentleman* of sixteen, fell in love some years since, while at school, with a young *lady* who was his junior in age but (as he humbly confesses) his superior in mental accomplishments and general fascinations. Having been separated from her "for a *long* time," and having seen another lady whom he now loves better than his first sweetheart, he has come to the conclusion that he was a "young fool" to fall in love as he did while at school, and wishes to know, in case he should marry sweetheart number two whether number one could mulct him in damages for breach of promise? Well! here is a precious young coxcomb! No, you ineffable young simpleton—no.

FRANCIS B.—On the occasion you refer to, after the English ambassador in his toast had likened England to the sun, and the French ambassador had compared France to the moon, (the two diplomatists having exhausted, as they supposed, the resources of panegyric and left the American ambassador without any material for encomiums upon his country,) Dr. Franklin arose and gave as his sentiment—"America, the Joshua who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him." This settled the British and French diplomatists, and left the old doctor triumphant as usual.

ORIENTAL's wife loves another man better than him, and says she can't help it; she struggles against the attachment, but in vain. He says she is an excellent woman and incapable of *doing* anything wrong; but this unfortunate affair is a source of constant grief to him, and he earnestly solicits advice. We cannot help him in such affliction; the case baffles us. He must look to a higher source for guidance and aid. Perhaps time will work a cure of this most unfortunate passion.

VIVIEN wishes to know if it would be judicious in him to "wait" for a young lady who refuses to enter into a marriage engagement "until she has discharged her duties as a daughter?" Before answering such a question we should like to know what the young lady's ideas of the "duties of a daughter" are, and how long it will take her to discharge them. As a general rule, dutiful daughters make the best wives, and we think Vivien had better try to make sure of the one in question.

WHOLESALE CLERK.—We cannot answer your question unless we know what sort of a bale of cotton you mean, as there are many different kinds and no two of them, with one exception, are of the same weight. A bale of Egyptian cotton is 90lbs., of Brazil 160, of Georgian and Sea Islands 280, New Orleans 300, East India 300, West India 350 to 400. Taking this statement as your basis, you can readily decide the dispute.

CARLO.—The numbers of the LEDGER from June 7th 1856, to June 6th 1857, *including* the last date, will cost you $2 12. If you learn Phonography, it will not ensure you an engagement as a reporter. On the city papers, reporters are not adequately paid; but a superior phonographer, if he is also superior in other qualifications, can do well as a special reporter of lawsuits, sermons, speeches of importance, great legal arguments, &c.

DOUBTER.—It is asserted by those who profess to know that in Norway eagles *actually destroy oxen*. They do not do it by main force, however, but cunningly resort to an efficient contrivance. They dive into the sea, then roll themselves in the sand, and afterwards by flapping their wings and shaking their feathers in the eyes of the ox they blind it, after which they *peck out its eyes* and then overcome it at their leisure.

JESSICA.—"Shylock" is a great work, but it is not considered Shakespeare's best. Mahogany is over four times heavier than cork; a cubic foot of the latter weights only 15 lbs, while the same bulk of the former weighs a trifle over 66 lbs. Platinum is heavier than gold, and the heaviest of all metals. A cubic foot of it weighs 1218 3-4 lbs.; a cubic foot of gold weighs 1203 5-8 pounds.

YOUNG KENTUCKY says he is desperately in love with a girl but don't know how to tell her so, and that he is so bashful he can't say anything he wants to say as soon as he finds himself in her presence. If this is the case "Young Kentucky" should ask his mother to speak for him, or else tarry in some lover's Jericho until his courage be grown.

BUFFALONIAN.— would take too much space for us to state all the qualifications which a public lecturer should possess. As a general thing, a lecture should not exceed an hour in its delivery. "Bion" is pronounced *Bye*-on. "Giaour" is pronounced Jower. Each word has two syllables.

ST. HELENA.—You must have misunderstood your teacher, or else he is an ignoramus, for Lake Superior, instead of being smaller than the Dead Sea, is over forty times larger. Lake Superior is four hundred miles long, and one hundred and fifty miles wide; the Dead Sea is seventy-two miles long, and nineteen wide.

MISSOURI.—You should not bother yourself about a girl's nonsense and wildness. They will frolic, and also do all manner of tantalizing things, especially when a lover frets, and scolds, and argues about such matters. The best way is to take no notice of their pranks, or else to cut their acquaintance at once.

ALBANIAN.—The Cape Verde Islands belong to the Portuguese, by whom they were discovered in 1446. They are about sixteen in number, but some of them are barren rocks. The inhabitants are principally negroes. The largest island is St. Jago.

MISS ——.—A flirt is a silly, saucy, pert, giddy girl, or, a coquette, the word being used in both senses. What sense the young man who called you a "desperate flirt" attached to the term we cannot, of course, determine. Either meaning is bad enough. You should not disobey your parents.

T. S. ANNISTEAD.—We can furnish the LEDGER as far back as June 7th, 1856, at four cents a number. Cobb's famous story—the Storm Secret—commences with that number. From that date up to and *including* this issue (July 25th) the numbers will cost you $2.40.

M. C.—We do not charge anything for answering questions. Let your queries be brief and written in a very legible hand. We answer only such questions as are of interest to our readers generally.

EDWARD.—We never heard or read that the State of Connecticut was once called *Canonicut*. There is an island of the latter name in Narragansett Bay, and you may have confounded that with the name of the State.

JUSTICE.—The parents of a cripple are compellable by law to support him, and so is his stepfather. The latter has no right to turn such a poor boy out upon the cold charities of the world.

F. B. B.—It would not be polite for a man to ask one of a couple of girls for the pleasure of her company home, and leave her companion to shift for herself. He should extend his gallantry to both or to neither.

EMMA.—The singing company of which you inquire have never been heard of in this city, so far as we know. No girl should "sacrifice her respectability and happiness" for the sake of marrying any body. Are you crazy?

COMPOSITOR.—You should go to the office of the Clerk of the United States District Court, in College Place, to get a copyright for your book. It will cost you one dollar.

HARRY.—The best course would be to pay no attention to the libel. No one whose opinion is of value ever reads the scurrilous print you mention.

L. S. S.—There is no reason why you should become a citizen of Philadelphia in order to inherit property left you by your father in Germany. Your friend is mistaken.

SEMPER.—*Selah*, as used in the Psalms, is supposed to signify silence, or a pause in the musical performance of the song.

A PATTERSONIAN.—Wirt's life of Patrick Henry is the only one published. There are various "Lives" of Franklin, any of which will answer your purpose.

A LOVER.—The only way to "find out what she thinks of you" is to notice carefully her behavior towards you, and to keep asking her what she thinks.

MORTON P.—We know of no good weekly French paper that is published in this country.

MISS H. H.—We think that such a prejudice on the par of your friends is unreasonable.

DRUGGIST.—One hundred and fifty dollars is too small a sum with which to visit Europe.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*